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THE WAR IN AMERICA.

WHATEVER may be the real history of the recent battle before Richmond, it is evident that the Federal troops have suffered a severe defeat. The superiority of the Southern soldiery had been proved in every skirmish and combat since the opening of the Virginian campaign, and the Confederate generals have now fully proved that in military skill and judicious daring they are more than a match for their adversaries. The army which stood on the defensive had the great advantage of a central position, and its leaders have known how to profit by the opportunity of striking successive blows at the converging forces of the enemy. Early in the campaign, General JACKSON drove BANKS across the Potomac, and he afterwards contrived to occupy and baffle all the Federal commanders in the North of Virginia. Reports were of late carefully spread that JACKSON had been largely reinforced, and consequently FREMONT, SHIELDS, and BANKS had drawn together all their forces to resist a threatened advance in the Valley of Shenandoah. While Mr. LINCOLN was amusing himself by substituting a political lawyer for FREMONT to serve under General POPE in the army of the Potomac, the ubiquitous JACKSON suddenly burst on the right wing of M'CLELLAN's army, and caused it to "recede several miles for a strategic purpose, "hotly pursued by the Confederates." The White House, which was the principal depôt of the Federal army, has been taken, and West Point has once more fallen into the hands of the Confederates. Further information is required to explain M'CLELLAN's reason for retreating on his left, instead of retracing his steps to the shore of York River. His communication with General POPE, who now commands in Northern Virginia, must have been abandoned; but, on the other hand, he has drawn nearer to BURNSIDE, who has been recalled from North Carolina. As it appears that his right wing was utterly routed, the victorious army has probably possessed itself of a large store of heavy artillery, which can scarcely have been removed or destroyed. Since the commencement of the war, the Federal troops have lost a dozen field-pieces for one which they have captured; but, on the other hand, they have taken guns of position in great numbers, and the Southern generals have at every point been seriously embarrassed by their inferiority in heavy artillery. If the recent battle has enabled them to capture M'CLELLAN's siege train, they can henceforth secure the approaches to Richmond from the fire of the gun-boats. It is said that the Government of Washington has suppressed the report of a second defeat of the flotilla in a renewed attempt to make its way past Fort Darling.

The siege of Richmond, and with it the summer campaign, is now probably at an end. The invaders had previously been repulsed with heavy loss at Charleston, and neither Mobile nor Vicksburg had been taken down to the date of the latest accounts. The ninety days drafts of the Government on public confidence will require once more to be renewed with a longer term of payment. The Fourth of July declaimers must content themselves with boasting of the million of recruits who are about to rush to arms in answer to urgent appeals from Washington, backed by considerable bounties. It will also be advisable to invent some new image or metaphor in place of the overworked anaconda which has not yet strangled the Seceding States. That the lungs and the front of Northern eloquence will be equal to the occasion no observant foreigner will doubt. The official reports of the campaign, uncorrected by any statement of facts, will alone furnish abundant materials for satisfaction and triumph, and when the traditional "child of freedom" has, according to custom, been consigned to "his bright home in the setting sun," the "POGRAM defiance" to England can, for the hundredth time, be repeated in the midst of assured and unbounded applause. A new subject of self-congratulation has been discovered in an original system of finance, which is not less

to be admired than a strategic movement to the rear with a pursuing enemy at heel. The popular teachers of the moment announce that Europe is astonished at the new discovery of inexhaustible revenues. It is true that sober economists have been surprised at the facility of incurring boundless debt, but, after all, the difficulty of borrowing is generally less perplexing than the problem of paying. Hitherto, not a single citizen has consciously contributed a dollar to the expenses of the war; but Congress has, at the close of its session, passed a comprehensive Tax Bill, which at least indicates a desire to maintain the national credit. The revenue will probably fall far short of the estimate, and the cost of collection will be unavoidably large in proportion to the return. Nevertheless, the measure, as far as it affects internal taxation, is more creditable than any other legislative Act which has been passed in the course of the war. The changes which have been introduced in the tariff of imports, show how little is the influence of patriotism or public spirit in the contest with vulgar passion and with the narrowest selfishness.

The greedy manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania find their advantage in the popular spite against England. Patriotic journalists boast that the new tariff is not only protective but prohibitive, and they naturally take the opportunity to indulge in their usual flourishes about the greatness of a country which can dispense with help from the rest of the world. It is certainly not to be expected that the Federal States should deprive themselves of any advantage for the benefit of England, or even of France; but in shutting out commerce, Congress is deliberately diminishing the revenue, while by the same operation it imposes on the country a tax much larger than any profit which it can possibly produce to the Treasury. America was once described by an enthusiast as an earthly paradise, where everyone bought in the cheapest market, and sold in the dearest. Henceforth, the republican Elysium must recommend itself by offering some other class of delights. A deliberate increase in the price of commodities, accompanied by a voluntary sacrifice of customs' revenue, could scarcely have been proposed in any other country during the continuance of a costly and burdensome war. There is something cynical in the indifference of the protectionist faction to the impediments which they are placing in the way of the restoration of the Union. The quarrel was sufficiently bitter without a formal notice to the South that peace would involve the payment of a heavy tribute to the Northern manufacturers. The vulgar herd of politicians is bought over to the support of a gigantic job by appeals to the chronic jealousy and envy which has long been carefully cultivated against England. The legislation of Washington, and the language of the New York press, are thoroughly consistent with General BUTLER's singular proceedings at New Orleans.

An advocate of London cabmen once defended their conduct on the ground that they seldom practised monstrous extortion except when they had to deal with women and foreigners. It seems that the same chivalrous distinction is drawn by the present military commander at New Orleans. Although General BUTLER is an attorney and barrister, his legal opinions are not less questionable than the rules of good breeding which he enforces on penalty of exposure to the basest outrages. Women are to be shamefully punished if they speak to a stranger without an introduction; and the property of aliens is confiscated if they have bought it with the only currency which lately circulated in the South. It seems that a quantity of sugar, purchased by foreign merchants, had been paid for by bills on England, or by Confederate notes previously procured in exchange for gold. General BUTLER lays down as a principle of international law the proposition that dealing in the paper of the Seceding States is a violation of neutrality. On the same theory, it is evident that every foreigner who has transacted business at New York

must have taken part with one of the belligerents. When the Consuls remonstrated, General BUTLER courteously informed them that they were subordinate agents, who were entitled neither to question the policy of the Government nor to act in a collective capacity. He added, for the information of all whom it might concern, that if foreigners found residence in the United States unpleasant, the alternative of leaving the country would be equally agreeable to themselves and to the people of America. That one official person, inflated with temporary authority, should exhibit insolence so brutal and unprovoked, might perhaps have been a lamentable accident. Unfortunately, the Government and the population of the Northern States are fully responsible for atrocities which have neither been censured by the press nor disavowed by the PRESIDENT. For encroachments on the property of foreigners full satisfaction will be extorted; but it would be beneath the dignity of any Government to protest against a declaration which is merely rude and offensive. The international police magistrate may compel the New Orleans cabman to return the foreigner his excess of fare, but the foul language which aggravated his offence may probably escape legal punishment. For the still more helpless class of women, Federal institutions and modes of thinking appear at present to provide no protection whatever.

There is something almost pathetic in the incapacity of the Northern Americans to understand the feelings which their conduct is calculated to excite in foreign countries, and especially in England. In return for the most cautious neutrality, they are perpetually pouring forth vituperation and insult; and while they protest with noisy and empty menaces against the recognition of the Seceding States, they are deliberately creating reasons for a course which will only be adopted under the pressure of the strongest motives. The South offers unrestricted free-trade, and the North bids against it by closing its own ports as well as those which it may conquer and occupy. The murders which General BUTLER has perpetrated for the purpose of conciliating the people of Louisiana are not more impolitic than his confiscation of foreign property, and his overbearing treatment of the European Consuls. In one respect the English Government may be censured as a passive accomplice in the proceedings which it can scarcely fail to resent. It is difficult to understand why, under the reign of an insolent proconsul, English subjects at New Orleans should be left without the aid of a Consul or the security which might be afforded by the presence of a ship of war. The Federal Government ought not to be tempted to excesses which may become as intolerable as the seizure of the *Trent*. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD must understand that the first collision with England or with France involves the complete and irrevocable recognition of Confederate independence.

PRIZES FOR VIRTUE.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT, who seldom misses a point that is open to him, made the best of the opportunity afforded by the recent distribution of the MONTHYON prizes. He put in the happiest light the institution he was called on to celebrate, and he got the greatest possible amount of political capital out of these curious rewards of virtue. Exactly eighty years ago it occurred to a M. DE MONTHYON that if the French Academy was as enlightened, and moral, and all-wise as everybody supposed, and if it undertook to give prizes at all, it might as well reward the best of all things, and give so many francs for the perpetration of "acts of virtue." The idea was so eminently French that it took root immediately, and prizes for acts of virtue are distributed to this day. M. DE MONTALEMBERT did all he could to gild the institution. He explained that the Academy did not pretend to recompense the virtuous people, nor to make itself a judge in so nice a matter. But it found the acts of virtue going on, and, by paying its francs in the right quarter, it drew the attention of society to the worth of the obscure and humble. The real object of the prize was to prevent men despairing of their country and their generation. To the desponding, French society looks like a troubled ocean of vice, place-hunting, and intrigue. But the Academy dives down and fetches up the pearls of humble virtue that lie buried under the waves; and then society knows how much better it is than it thought, and the desponding are comforted. Englishmen have an instinctive dislike to compliments of this sort. They do not fancy being patted on the back by a company of savants and literary grandoes when they do their duty, and they think that the respect which the virtuous man feels for himself is quite enough reward. It is only in very agricultural districts, and under the patronage of Cabinet Ministers, that we stand having red-plush waistcoats given to us if we go a certain length of time without quarrelling

with our betters. But it must be owned that what will not do in one country is all very well for another, and that, if in France there is less notion of doing duty for duty's sake than in England, there is more notion of honouring and respecting the poor. M. DE MONTALEMBERT could boast that in France alms are not an humiliation, which in England they very often are. One of the sights that most rouse the indignation of the ordinary observer is the cold, bustling tyranny with which religious philanthropy treats the poor in England. The needy are exposed to every act of humiliation and every form of impertinent curiosity which the constant tract and the occasional shilling can be supposed, in the eyes of their dispensers, to justify. The poor are more honoured and more carefully approached in France, and therefore, if the French like to add public to private honour, and to celebrate solemnly at Paris the acts of virtue done in the provinces, we have no very good grounds for thinking ourselves superior to them, although the custom would justly be considered ludicrous in England.

But these were not the only prizes, nor were the acts of virtue of the poor the only good deeds that M. DE MONTALEMBERT felt called on to notice. He soon passed from the provinces to the Empire, and from the poor to society at large. He drew a contrast between the existing Government and the good people opposed to it, which was bitter and eloquent enough for a Roman satirist. Nor was he speaking without good grounds. It is quite true, as he said, that the Empire has opened a "vast school of immorality." The last few days have brought the news that M. DE MORNAY is to be made a Duke. If a moralist could not preach a homily on this theme, no subject would rouse him into a flow of words. It is not easy for foreigners to understand why M. DE MORNAY should wish to be a Duke, as he is as big a man already as triumphant stock-jobbing and the favour of the EMPEROR can make him. Perhaps the recent example of Duke PASQUIER has suggested to him that Dukes are long-lived, just as popular opinion in England supposes it to be a wonderfully healthy thing to be an Archbishop. But if to be a Duke means anything in France, it must be that this is the prize which the Government awards to such acts of virtue as M. DE MORNAY has so often performed. M. DE MONTALEMBERT could scarcely have expected so speedy an illustration of his speech. It is also quite true that, under the Empire, there has come over the French intellect a strange lethargy, and that the mind which its possessors fancied the most active in the universe has been numbed into torpor. While, however, the top scholars in the school of political immorality are crowned with glory, and while there is an alarming pause in the outpouring of French genius, the virtue of France, and especially of the upper classes, goes on increasing. Society, in the most exclusive sense of the term, as M. DE MONTALEMBERT tells us, is now growing not only pious but respectable. It cultivates the sentiment of honour which MONTESQUIEU long ago told his countrymen was the basis of an aristocracy. It walks on in the great path of domestic virtue. It confronts the huge despotism that seeks to crush it with the noblest of all oppositions—the opposition of suffering virtue to triumphant vice.

A higher tribunal than the Academy will some day, as M. DE MONTALEMBERT more than hints, adjudge its MONTHYON prize to so much virtue, and those who have been fitted by adversity to govern France will be supreme. We are glad that occasionally the great permanent issues raised by the character of the Empire should be recalled to our recollection. There is no chance that France will ever be free under the Empire, and the loss to France of all that liberty brings with it is a loss to the world. The Roman question, and the importance of the tranquillity of France to the peace and prosperity of Europe, may easily tempt us to forget that the evils of the despotism which the EMPEROR has set up will endure long after he himself has been buried, and long after Rome is given to the Romans. The EMPEROR has rendered great services to Europe. He has given that impulse to Italian liberty without which it could never have come into existence. He has permitted, if he has not headed, the growth of a strong and compact opposition to the clerical and reactionary party. He has managed to heal many of the social wounds of France, at least in appearance, and he has changed and deepened the current of French industry. But he has done this by establishing a despotism which bears an ample crop of the worst fruits that the bad tree of military tyranny can produce. No Englishman can seriously reflect on the corruption and degradation which such a form of government brings with it, and wish the Empire to be permanent. M. DE MONTALEMBERT sees in the virtuous Legitimists of his acquaintance the destined holders of that

great MONTHYON prize which the fall of the Empire will open to competition. It may be so. The Legitimists have learnt to conceal their worst points, and this is more credit to a French party than it seems. They are not, perhaps, quite so ludicrously unfit to govern as they showed themselves the last time they tried. But justice to persons who are not Legitimists compels us to observe that to assume that all the virtue of France is on the side of the friends or pupils of the clergy is more convenient than candid. There are plenty of good people in France—good enough, perhaps, for the MONTHYON prize, if the Academy did but know it—who have no notion of using their virtue to back up HENRI V. and the POPE. Nor is it quite certain that if the Empire ended to-day, the intellect of France would rise up in all its former strength. There are periods in the history of every nation when, from causes wholly inexplicable, the literary power of the people seems mesmerized. Suddenly, and without any corresponding political change, the sleep is broken, and the national mind stirs again into activity. During the last twenty years of the last century, English literature was at a standstill. During the first twenty years of this century, there was as much vigour and fertility in literature as at any period of English history. We cannot be sure that original thought would revive with a new order of things in France, or that the virtue of the Legitimists deserves, or would win, the great MONTHYON prize. All we can be sure of is, that the Empire has its very bad side, and that M. DE MONTALEMBERT is quite right to inveigh against its vices as often as he pleases, and as eloquently as he can.

LORD NORMANBY ON ITALY.

LORD NORMANBY has done a public service by gradually convincing the Government and the House of Lords that England is not responsible for whatever may happen in Italy. For a time, Lord RUSSELL was inclined to dispute Lord NORMANBY's statements, or to expose the real character of the numerous mares' nests which he discovered. The weariness which naturally arose from the performance of a thankless and endless task has at last induced the Minister to discover that irrelevant and vexatious questions require no answer. If the Italian Government is guilty of errors, it must be responsible for them to its own subjects, who, in their turn, must content themselves as well as they can with the institutions which they have deliberately chosen. As Italy is more populous than Great Britain, and certainly not inferior to it in natural resources, impartial observers have long thought that a great country might conveniently be consolidated into a single State. The object of the revolution was to make the new Kingdom really independent, and consequently to relieve it from the minute supervision which was exercised over petty and misgoverned principalities. Lord NORMANBY can see no difference between a King of ITALY, whom he has not imitated the Great Powers by recognising, and a miserable despot of Naples; but FERDINAND II. owed his throne entirely to foreign protection, while VICTOR EMANUEL is at last strong enough to stand alone. It is not the custom of English Ministers to remonstrate against Russian oppression in St. Petersburg, or even against General BUTLER's tyranny at New Orleans. If a neighbour treats his wife and children harshly, judicious householders abstain from interfering, although they might promote the cause of peace by administering a box on the ear to a quarrelsome boy who was fighting in the street.

The latest blow which has been inflicted on Lord NORMANBY's feelings falls heavily on the Legitimist and Ultramontane faction in all parts of Europe. Russia and Prussia, long respected as the most obstinate patrons of reaction, have at last determined on recognising the new Kingdom of Italy, so that English admirers of despotism are compelled to violate all constitutional propriety when they still talk contemptuously of the Piedmontese. Four out of the five Great Powers cannot but count for something in the affairs of Europe, and many of the smaller States had already followed the example of England and France. Of the Governments which approach to the foremost rank, Spain only stands aloof, under the influence of a personal devotion to the POPE, which is perhaps required to cover a multitude of sins; but, as Italy is the more wealthy, more populous, and more powerful of the two Peninsular kingdoms, there is no undue impatience for the official perception of a notorious fact. The banished Duke of MODENA never to the end of his reign recognised the second French Empire. The family of BRUNSWICK had been established on the throne for forty years before old-fashioned Jacobites at home and abroad ceased to talk of the King of ENGLAND as Elector of HANOVER. Somewhat later, supercilious

Frenchmen thought that they insulted FREDERICK the GREAT when they spoke of the Kingdom of Prussia as the Marquisate of Brandenburg. If Italy had not been visibly present in Europe, it would never have been seen by foreign Kings and Cabinets.

Russia would probably, in any other cause, command Lord NORMANBY's respect and sympathy. A country without a constitution, governed by a horde of official extortioners, ought to approve itself to the judgment of the professed admirer of despotism. Unluckily, the Emperor ALEXANDER, who has sometimes been suspected of liberal propensities at home, by no means feels himself called upon to make war upon liberty all over the world. Moreover, the Russian Government, though it has the merit of being absolute, is at the same time schismatic; and accordingly the temporal power of the POPE is not established as a political dogma at St. Petersburg. Threatened interdicts and excommunications have no terrors for a potentate who is confessedly without the pale of the Church. For similar reasons, the King of Prussia is invulnerable to the intercession of the four hundred scolding bishops, though they are backed by twenty-seven new-made Japanese saints. The sacrilegious King of ITALY is now recognised as an equal by all the most considerable sovereigns of the world. Lord NORMANBY naturally suspects that a prudent and leisurely recognition of an established Government can only have been purchased at the cost of some dangerous undertaking; and foreign journals, as might be expected, have supplied him with numerous fanciful theories of the negotiations between Italy and Russia. The mysterious agreement by which GARI-BALDI is to be let loose upon Austria fully explains the tardy condescension of a Power which may be supposed to cherish designs on the Danube.

According to the sober statement of Lord RUSSELL, the Italian Government has entered into the precisely opposite engagement of maintaining peace even on the side of Austria. Any undertaking of the kind will necessarily provoke questions in the Parliament of Turin, but new pledges to the existing order of things ought not to dissatisfy Lord NORMANBY. Yet it may be doubted whether pacific promises will be construed too strictly either by Italy or Russia. There has never been any intention of an immediate attack on Austria, and if the time for the decisive struggle ever arrives, causes of war which will overrule any temporary compact will assuredly not be wanting. Russia has for some years been thoroughly unfriendly to Austria, and the popular party in Germany repudiates all guarantees of Transalpine provinces. On the other hand, it is absurd to suppose that the recognition by the Northern Powers is the price of concurrence in revolutionary undertakings; for even if Russia were inclined to enter upon a career of adventure, no German Government would deliberately be a party to a foreign conspiracy against Austria. It is but seldom that statesmen engage in the mysterious enterprises which amuse the imagination of political novelists and newsmongers. There was an anomaly in the pretence of receiving Ministers from princes who had lost their dominions, while the real ruler of Italy was ostentatiously put out of sight; and the discontinuance of a temporary affectation requires no apology, nor ought it to suggest any abstruse theory. If the welfare of Italy had depended on the good will of remote Governments, it might have been worth while to make large concessions on condition of a formal sanction.

The POPE is said to have recently assured the French Ambassador that his policy would not be altered even if he were deserted by Spain, Austria, and Bavaria. There is no probability of his acquiescing under any circumstances in inevitable facts; but the defection of Russia from the cause of legitimacy has occasioned bitter indignation at Rome. The measure is perhaps not unconnected with the ecclesiastical disputes which are inseparably mixed up with the Polish controversy. Until lately, the Emperor of RUSSIA, notwithstanding his unhappy heresy, was admired at Rome as the supposed enemy of liberty and of national independence. During the Crimean war, all reports favourable to the Allies were suppressed by the Neapolitan Government; the Holy See would have rejoiced in the defeat of the Western Powers; and although France had commenced the quarrel by a paltry agitation in favour of the Latin monks of Jerusalem, even Russia, it was hoped, would feel a sentimental sympathy for the chief of an alien religion. The public acknowledgment that Romagna and the Marches have passed away from the Papal sceptre is a heavy disappointment. When a substance which can be seen and touched is further proved to exist by the evidence of competent witnesses, it becomes difficult to persevere in denying its reality. According to a current

legend, the POPE is said to have declared that if a Protestant could be saved, Lord NORMANBY would be exempted from the inevitable destiny of his countrymen and co-religionists. The resolute negative faith which enables him to disbelieve in Italy deserves some exceptional privilege.

THE JOBBING MANIA.

TO bystanders the session which is closing has been dull. Its course has been marked by no controversy of interest, and it leaves behind it but few measures of public value. But it appears to have been anything but dull to the members of the House. No session has been so rich in the personal scenes which, to the eye of the average senator, furnish the only green oases that relieve the tedium of a Parliamentary career. If the opinions of the members could be taken by ballot, it would be resolved by an overwhelming majority that an Under-Secretary of State should always be kept in readiness to insult an Irish member; and that Mr. COWPER and Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE be permanently retained by salaries to act as butt and jester respectively to the House of Commons. But there is one set of men to whom these scenes must be the reverse of entertaining. The Ministers are experienced enough to know their political effect. Governments can survive anything but contempt. Blunders may be explained away. Eloquent denunciations are too lengthy to be read by many, and can always be boiled down in the judicious summary of a friendly journal. But the nation will soon get tired of an Administration that is being constantly involved in ignominious personal squabbles. One case or another may, to all appearance, be satisfactorily explained; but when it is the standing amusement of the House of Commons to come down and see some occupant of the Treasury bench wriggling out of a discreditable charge, people will form uncharitable inferences. It may be that all the personal charges which the House of Commons enjoys, as boys enjoy a badger-hunt, are perfectly destitute of foundation. It is very likely that the subordinates of the Government are calumniated men. It may be, and is probably true, that Sir ROBERT PEEL is not in the least afraid of a duel with The O'DONOGHUE, and that Mr. LAYARD's position towards the Ottoman Bank has been absolutely unexceptionable. It is quite conceivable, if less certain, that nothing was further from Mr. LOWE's thoughts than to steal a march on Parliament and make vast changes under cover of a promise to change nothing—that Mr. COWPER was exhorting his slashing correspondent to spare, not to scarify his Committee—and that when he appointed a Hertford firm to defend the Embankment Bill on behalf of the Board of Works, he wholly forgot that Hertford was his own constituency. All these justificatory pleas may be very true; but a cynical public will conclude, from the very necessity of their being advanced in such numbers, that all is not serene in the altitudes of office. If the impugned Ministers are not the tricksters their adversaries would represent, they must clearly be blunderers in that they have provoked the charge. Their innocence, if it is to be assumed, in reality makes their case much worse. If a man really has done a dirty thing, one ought not to be too hard on him for being found out. But to be found out without having really done it is a practical Hibernicism which is quite unpardonable. It proves an inability to influence opinion which is an absolute disqualification for statesmanship in a constitutional country. Getting abused when you are really innocent is like getting wet when you have got an umbrella. It not only deserves no pity, but it exposes you to great ridicule for your awkwardness.

Mr. COWPER—if we are to believe his protestations—certainly deserves the palm for the un-Spartan virtue of being found out in the crimes which he has not done. In truth, he is quite an inexplicable phenomenon. Whichever horn of the dilemma you assume, he is a living *reductio ad absurdum*. It is difficult to conceive of a man so innocent, that having to employ an unusual staff of agents for a Bill violently assailed, he should select for the work a provincial firm belonging to his own constituency; and that, having done this, no thought of the interpretation it would probably suggest, should cross his mind. It is hardly credible that he should correspond with a well-known journalist touching the deeds of a Committee of which he was chairman, without suspecting that, if he was detected, he would be held responsible for that journalist's line of attack. It is not easy to believe that it was in perfect innocence that he pocketed and suppressed a motion for a correspondence which, until it was carried, he had always steadily resisted. But if these theories are incredible, it is

equally incredible on the other side that he should have wasted his character upon tricks so easily found out.

The taste for jobs is, in truth, a very curious feature in political human nature. It is so difficult to explain the mechanism of motive upon which it works. It is like the taste for poisoning, or the taste for throwing logs across the railway. The temptation is so small, and the risk incurred is so serious, that it is difficult for anyone who is not actually engaged in jobbing to conceive the state of mind under which the offence is perpetrated. It is of course possible that there may be a gratification to a benevolent heart in pleasing the solicitors of the town you represent by creating for them a needless duty, and recompensing them with a handsome fee; but it must be a very chastened kind of pleasure. On the other hand, a seat must be irrecoverably moribund in which it is necessary to secure by special precautions the vote of your own agent. Probably, Mr. COWPER was only gratifying a good-natured instinct to do a friend a favour. Yet it has cost his chief no little labour to gain the position which he is thus deliberately undermining for so minute an object. But, after all, Mr. COWPER's jobs are insignificant compared to those of the statesman who endowed him with the power to job. There is no reason why Lord PALMERSTON should surround himself with subordinates who are constantly bringing his Government into discredit. His support of Mr. COWPER and Sir ROBERT PEEL is pure good nature. They are as unfit for their positions as it is possible for men to be. The one brings his Government into ridicule, with all the educated classes of the metropolis; the other loses him every Irish seat. Nothing would be easier than to supply their places; but he clings to them with that infatuated devotion which always unites the jobber to the jobbee. The inexplicable instinct of jobbing appears to be more strongly developed in Lord PALMERSTON than it generally is in statesmen who have changed friends and convictions so often. Till he attains to power, he is an acute partisan; but when he reaches the fruition of his desires, he satisfies them with the recklessness and lavishness of a prodigal. He looks upon the offices of State much as Charles Surface looked upon his ancestors. They are to be disposed of for the benefit of his boon companions. When he attains to power, there is a rich harvest for those who have, up to that time, made themselves pleasant in his drawing-room. Ireland for one, Canada for another, a metropolitan *Edileship* for a third. If he were a despot, his principles of action would be intelligible enough. Despots and dictators have always delighted to exalt parasites and freed-men. The only mysterious part of the case arises from the fact that he is dependent for the tenure of his power upon the public approval, and that he seems to value it too highly to be likely to risk it without a cause. The gratification of seeing official duties caricatured in Mr. COWPER and Sir ROBERT PEEL must, after all, be transient. After a time, their ludicrous attempts to represent their parts must cease to be amusing. The pleasure of seeing them deliberately take a header into the mud, and having then to follow them for the purpose of picking them out, must pall when it has been repeated for the fiftieth time. If Lord PALMERSTON's love of office were weak, it would be easy to explain his conduct by the reflection that his appreciation of fun is very strong. But his whole life contradicts the idea that he is indifferent to office. Most statesmen of the present day have given up a certain amount of conviction for its sake; but if they have offered a sacrifice, he has offered a holocaust. So that we are driven to the strange conclusion that the pleasure of seeing Mr. COWPER blunder, and hearing Sir ROBERT PEEL bluster, is so keen that it outweighs the value of the position which it has been the struggle of his lifetime to acquire and to maintain. Most people would prefer to forego the pursuit of office altogether, or else, if they made the effort, would decline to let it be by marred by two blundering young friends. But that is the peculiarity of the disease. When the instinct of jobbery has seized upon a statesman, he is blind to all ordinary calculations; and if, as is possible, he commits official *felo de se* under the influence of his delusion, he is fully entitled to a verdict of "temporary insanity."

MR. COBDEN ON ARMAMENTS.

MR. COBDEN has been in a blessed frame of mind this week. What a red rag is to a mad bull, "armaments" and "PALMERSTON" are to the mild and philanthropic member for Rochdale; and his favourite antipathies, as well as his profoundest sympathies, have had the fullest and freest play. The Fortification Bill afforded him on Monday an appropriate occasion for vindicating from unmerited suspicion the enlightened and sagacious Sovereign who honours him with his friendship, denouncing the insane policy of national self-

defence, and uttering an eloquent eulogium on his own uncompromising patriotism. A rude personal attack on the "levity," the "indiscretion," and something worse, of the Minister under whom he has recently held an important diplomatic trust, completed one of the most characteristic displays with which the Apostle of Peace has for a long time past favoured an unadmiring public. It is only to be regretted that Mr. CORDEN has not yet learned to accept with becoming fortitude the punishment which he is ready enough to provoke. The rancorous irritation which he displayed on Thursday night is perfectly intelligible, but it would have been wiser to endeavour to conceal it.

As regards the merits of the question before the House, nothing could well be less to the purpose than Mr. CORDEN's statistical demonstration of the unambitious and pacific policy of NAPOLEON III. His elaborate comparison of the ship-building expenditure of England and France respectively, during the last twelve years of LOUIS-PHILIPPE's reign and the first twelve years of NAPOLEON III's rule, was ingeniously irrelevant. His averages might possess a certain value if it were asserted that the French PRESIDENT and EMPEROR, during the whole period of twelve years ending in 1859, had been making continuous efforts to create a navy larger than that of England—and also, we may add, if French official arithmetic could be entirely depended upon as faithfully representing the facts to which it refers. But this is not asserted; and, unfortunately, Mr. CORDEN's figures stop short just at the point where (if authentic) they would begin to be practically interesting. They are only brought down to the year when the French EMPEROR was commencing the construction of a new description of war navy more formidable than any yet known. On what has been done since 1859, the member for Rochdale maintains a prudent silence—as he well may in the face of the facts which have at length become too much even for Mr. LINDSAY's incredulity. As Mr. CORDEN does not pretend to deny that his august friend has successfully endeavoured to anticipate and surpass England in the building of armour-plated ships, and is at this moment ahead of us in this all-essential element of naval strength, it is idle to talk about the average Imperial outlay on ship-building during the dozen years preceding 1859. The EMPEROR's intentions may be as friendly, and his good faith as irreproachable, as his commercial policy is liberal and enlightened; but it is not the less a fact that he has been beforehand with us in the construction of a new class of ships of war of prodigious power, and admirably calculated to contest with us that maritime supremacy which is as dear to Mr. CORDEN as the apple of his eye. To an ordinary politician it might seem that the invention of an entirely novel and remarkably effective class of war vessels renders it expedient to devise new and more effective appliances of defence. Mr. CORDEN thinks it more to the purpose to draw up neat statistical tables showing what LOUIS PHILIPPE did, and what LOUIS-NAPOLEON did, in days before iron-cased navies were dreamed of.

At the same time, this eminently practical and prudent statesman is not without a theory, such as it is, as to the best mode of defending dockyards and everything else that a nation values. It is a wonderfully simple theory, and has the vast merit of involving no sort of forethought, effort, or sacrifice. "Husband the resources which you are now expending upon armaments, so as to have them at call in time of emergency—that is my view." And an uncommonly pleasant view it is. Only let people make plenty of money, and then, when an enemy comes, ships, armies, fortifications, and the rest of it will spring up of themselves. It is quite ridiculous to argue, as Mr. HORSMAN and so many other people do, that "in proportion as you go on multiplying your commerce and increasing your wealth, you must also be continually increasing your armed force." It is absurd to say that in proportion as we multiply our commerce and increase our wealth, we present a greater temptation to the cupidity of armed and unscrupulous neighbours, and expose a wider vulnerable surface to assailants. Mr. CORDEN knows better. Fat, sleepy, comfortable prosperity is its own best protection against a world in arms. "Our wealth, commerce, and manufactures grow out of the skilled labour of men working in metals; and there is not one of those men who, in case of our being assailed by a foreign Power, would not in three weeks or a fortnight be available, with their hard hands and thoughtful brains, for the manufacture of cannon, shot, and shells." In other words, a levy *en masse* of undrilled artisans at three weeks' or a fortnight's notice is Mr. CORDEN's recipe for the defence of the country. It is unfortunate that the experiment of leaving war to provide for its own wants has just been tried, on the very largest scale, in the

country from which Mr. CORDEN was once in the habit of drawing all his choicest lessons of political wisdom. The Americans have been husbanding their resources for half a century past, so as to have them at call in time of emergency, and a frightfully expensive policy they have found it. National dismemberment and hundreds of millions of debt are the price they are paying for having husbanded their resources. After all, there is a certain economy in going to war with an army and navy ready-made. It is not Mr. CORDEN's fault that he has always been unlucky in his political predictions, but he might at least take the trouble to keep his theories in some sort of harmony with the most notorious facts of contemporaneous history. "Blindness," "delusion," "nonsense," and "infatuation" are, it must be admitted, terms scarcely within the recognised amenities of Parliamentary debate, and it is possible that the castigation which Mr. CORDEN's wild talk brought on him from the PREMIER may have been administered with injudicious vigour. But it was abundantly provoked and thoroughly well deserved, and it is satisfactory to see that it has told.

Mr. CORDEN wound up a ridiculously inconclusive argument with a glowing testimonial to his own character as a patriot. It seems that it is an infamous calumny to assert that he has any conscientious objection to "Rule Britannia." He defies anybody to say that he is "not a partisan of the strength, the power, and the greatness of this country." If LORD PALMERSTON or any other man "sets up a claim to popularity because he holds 'the honour and safety of the country in higher estimation than I do,' he is 'a charlatan.'" Show Mr. CORDEN "a real danger"—convince him "that our navy is not equal to our defence"—and he will vote "a hundred millions sterling," and not think twice about it. He would "put his hand in his pocket and spend his whole fortune rather than have this 'island defiled by the foot of an enemy.'" It is very gratifying to know this, though it is perhaps to be regretted that a man who has been conspicuously before the world for more than twenty years should find it necessary to asseverate, in language which good taste must pronounce exaggerated, that he is not devoid of the common feelings of an Englishman. We must be permitted, however, to remark that a gentleman who so fiercely resents erroneous imputations which his public conduct may not unnaturally suggest, might with propriety show some little charity in his judgment of politicians who take different views from himself as to the best mode of protecting the national honour and safety. If Mr. CORDEN cannot bear to hear it said that he is no Englishman merely because he dislikes to see his country properly defended, it may possibly occur to him, on reflection, that it is unfair to denounce as enemies of peace and of mankind people who only differ from him in their estimate of the most effectual way of maintaining peace. If it is meritorious to be ready to spend a hundred millions sterling rather than see the naval supremacy of England endangered, it may be injudicious, but it cannot be "wicked" and "profligate," to propose an expenditure of considerably less than a tenth of that sum with the view of protecting the naval supremacy of England from injury at its most vital point. It would be very pleasant to see Mr. CORDEN practise towards his political opponents something of that charitable construction of motives which he so vehemently claims for himself, and of which no man living stands more constantly in need. Meanwhile, it may not be amiss to suggest that there are other forms of charlatanism besides that which revolts the moral susceptibilities of the member for Rochdale. Many persons will be of opinion that there is no more offensive description of quackery and humbug than the attempt to build a reputation for enlightened philanthropy on the fanatical advocacy of a narrow, sordid, and materialist political creed.

THE MISSING PRIZE-MONEY.

THE censure passed by the House of Commons, on Tuesday night, upon the evasions by which the Treasury attempted to defraud the captors of Kertch of their prize-money, has met with universal approval; but the true moral of the tale has not been recognised. Red-tape and routine are supposed to be the evil spirits over whom the House has achieved a victory. Whatever goes wrong, it is always laid to the charge of the Circumlocution Office. The popular belief appears to be that the only sin of which a Government is capable is routine, and that administrative misdeeds would altogether cease if only all rules of all kinds were abolished. The case of the Kertch and Yenikale prize-money is an apt specimen of the probable results that would ensue if such a Utopian state of things should ever come to pass. We have heard so much of the pernicious effects of red tape that

it is interesting to watch the workings, in an exceptional case, of that Faust-recht, or law of the strongest, which, if routine were to cease, would prevail all over the Civil Service. The weaknesses of our Administrative system have a certain resemblance to those of the Constitution of the United States. That system consists of a number of sovereign Departments, who are supposed to work together for the public weal, but who practically act more as rivals than allies. On great questions the PRIME MINISTER forces them to some extent into harmony. But, as the whole foreign policy and the main portions of the internal legislation of the country rest upon his shoulders, and as he is likewise bound to be constantly in the House of Commons, and frequently with the QUEEN, it is obvious that his supervision cannot go very far. Consequently, if any one department is infected with Secessionist tendencies, and chooses to act only for its own interest, there is no authority to check it. The want of any rules governing the mutual relations of the departments is severely felt. Everything within the department goes on according to fixed rules, and therefore goes on smoothly. But their external relations to each other are in a state of anarchy; and when questions arise between them, they fight among themselves, like great feudatories, till they are tired, unless the careless and sometimes powerless suzerain is able or willing to interfere. Of course, the unfortunate public is fleeced in the meantime.

The correspondence on the subject of the Kertch and Yenikale prize-money presents a specimen of the length to which the doctrine of Departmental independence can be carried. It is the record of a duel between the Board of Admiralty and the Board of Treasury. The correspondence on each side is very characteristic of the respective chiefs whose sentiments it expresses. The Admiralty letters are downright and straightforward, like the Duke of SOMERSET. The Treasury letters breathe in every line the shifting, shuffling spirit of Mr. GLADSTONE. The original capture was in 1855. As the stores captured were immediately seized by the English Government and appropriated to their own use, the captors appear to have anticipated that this irregular appropriation would be spontaneously made good by a grant of prize-money from the Exchequer. But in 1857 this rose-coloured view of the liberality of Governments began to fade before the sad evidence of facts. No prize-money was forthcoming. At length the captors began to jog the memory of the Government—timidly at first, as is the manner of subordinates dunning their superiors—more boldly afterwards, as under the influence of despair the indignation of the dupe overbore the dutifulness of the *employé*. At last, hopeless of obtaining any other redress, they betook themselves to the Court of Admiralty to obtain the condemnation as prize of that which had long ago been seized for the use of the public service. The amount claimed was upwards of a hundred thousand pounds. But in the proceedings of the Court of Admiralty, a very exceptional prerogative appears to exist. It seems that, by the forms of the proceedings, the QUEEN'S PROCTOR has the power, at his own discretion, of staying any proceedings which any petitioner in a suit of prize-money may institute, and that he is accustomed to exercise that discretion according to the wishes of the Government of the day. As soon as the application was made to him to commence the suit, he reported to the Admiralty that it would be more convenient that the prize-money should be paid in the form of a grant than in the form of value for a number of stores which had been most irregularly used up by the Government. The Admiralty at once forwarded the application to the Treasury. With a heavy deficit in prospect, the last thing Mr. GLADSTONE desired was to make a grant of 120,000*l.* At the same time, it would not do to allow the suit to go on, because the QUEEN'S Advocate had reported that "the application would disclose 'great neglect and irregularity in some quarters.'" It was an awkward alternative. Mr. GLADSTONE knew that to include in the Estimates a grant of so large a sum to the captors of Kertch would more than swallow up the modest surplus which it would be in his power to promise. To allow the suit to go on might he was told, be more expensive still, besides the awkward revelations it would involve. Yet to refuse both the grant and the power to sue was to draw down upon his own office a dangerous amount of odium. So he conceived the idea of refusing the grant himself, but of forcing the Admiralty to refuse the permission to sue. The correspondence which has been printed is a chronicle of his successive efforts to compel the Admiralty to take this odious task upon themselves without requiring any authorization from him, and of their determination to make him assume the responsibility of his own decision,

whether he liked it or not. But it is an unequal contest. The blunt Naval Secretary is no match for the subtleties of the veteran builder of illusive Budgets. In vain he presses for plain directions as to the course which is to be pursued. The most concise and categorical demands for an answer only evoke a succession of those clouds of verbiage which similar pressure is wont to extract in the House of Commons. At last, the Admiralty close the correspondence in disgust, by curtly informing the captors of Kertch that "Her MAJESTY'S Government" have determined neither to pay them their due, nor to let them sue for it; and when the case is brought before the House of Lords the Duke of SOMERSET throws all the blame of this outrageous decision upon Mr. GLADSTONE.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S perfect indifference to the discredit which may fall upon the Government, and to the discontent which may be caused in the army and fleet, so long as his own financial projects are protected from harm, is the salient feature of the case. But the morality involved in his course of proceeding is peculiar and striking. He never contests the right of the captors. He never alleges that the right is one which evaporates by delay, or that there is any statute of limitations in existence which avoids it after the lapse of five years. He does not deny that the Government was in possession of money, the proceeds of the prize to which the soldiers and sailors have a right. But he satisfies his own conception of his duty by endorsing the opinion of the QUEEN'S Advocate that "the suit" would be objectionable on the ground that the Crown "could not satisfactorily explain the delay, and that great neglect and irregularity in some quarters would be discovered;" and at the same time he refuses the grant which the QUEEN'S Advocate recommended to avoid these inconveniences. When Lord HARDWICKE averred that Mr. GLADSTONE had "choused" the soldiers and sailors of their due, he erred more in the classicality of his English than in the accuracy of his statement. It is a curious proof of the temptations exercised by a hazardous and speculative finance to seduce into crooked and uncleanly paths a mind reputed to be conscientious.

But there is a fatality attaching to these adjudications of prize. The Delhi prize-money, which accrued in 1858, is not paid yet. Lord PALMERSTON appears to look on it as a curious phenomenon—a way that prize money has; for he innocently cited this gross act of neglect as a justification for the delay of seven years during which the captors of Kertch have waited for their claims. With still more striking naïveté, Sir CHARLES WOOD attempted to excuse the withholding of the Delhi prize-money on the ground that some returns had been required from New Zealand, to which some of the regiments concerned had been sent. He really deserves to receive some prize-money himself for his gallantry in making such an excuse as that to the House of Commons. Many men would rather have led the forlorn hope at Delhi than have made such a defence of such a cause. There is not a spot in New Zealand from which the Colonial Office could not procure an answer in less than six months. It is not that six months which has made a delay of more than four years. We can only repeat that there is a fatality about the subject. But when the result of a fatality is that money is systematically withheld which ought to be paid, men are apt to give to it a different name.

MANCHESTER DOCTRINES.

IT has long been a matter of astonishment to the world outside of Manchester, that the cotton dearth, which is now in its second year, should have called forth no energetic action from those on whom the calamity most directly pressed. Every one gave Manchester credit for abundant enterprise and ample means. Self-reliance is the one cardinal virtue of her creed. The cotton-spinners were supposed to be the very quintessence of economical wisdom. If they had for years been willing to trust to one capricious market, it could only have been because they felt in themselves the energy which would be sufficient to cope with the most formidable difficulties when the proper time for action had arrived. To mere speculators, it seemed a game full of hazard to leave the development of a safer market until destitution should stare them in the face; but surely manufacturers must understand their own business best, and if they had puzzled the world so long with their apathy, no sooner would the due season arrive than they would astonish it even more by their unparalleled enterprise. This was not only the boast of Manchester itself, but the unaffected belief of the whole country. Well, the time came, and now for nearly two years Manchester has sat with folded arms waiting on Providence, and as Providence did not re-

spond, the last resource is an appeal to Government to descend into the field of commerce and supply the capitalists of Lancashire with the material which they do not choose to fetch for themselves.

When Manchester does nothing, we may be sure there is a reason for it; and at length the silence is broken, and by the mouth of the chosen apostles of the sect—Mr. CORDEN, Mr. J. B. SMITH, and Mr. POTTER—the great freetrading community has declared its motives and its hopes. As might have been anticipated, the declaration is clear and decisive. According to Mr. POTTER, it is not the interest of the wealthy millowners to sacrifice or enfeeble themselves for the good of their trade or the community. The very contrary is their duty. The present crisis is destroying the smaller capitalists and dooming their “hands” to starvation. The millionaire has the satisfaction of seeing his rivals ruined, and he would be false to his principles and his duty if he risked a single shilling of his wealth to save a competitor from bankruptcy, or a town from destitution. If he were to venture upon a speculation for the importation of Indian cotton—if he even sent out an agent with a credit on an Indian Bank to buy the precious commodity—he might by possibility lose money, and at the best would be almost certain to assist his rivals as well as himself. He has a better course before him. He can withdraw his capital from an unlucky trade, and leave his feeble competitors and his own workmen, who are bravely bearing the consequences of his improvidence, to sink under their fate. Upon the whole, Mr. POTTER thinks this the more promising speculation, and therefore unhesitatingly pronounces that it is the duty of the great millowners to adopt it.

Mr. POTTER would probably take it as a compliment if we were to call this policy selfish and cruel to the last degree. To the mind of Manchester, selfishness has become a virtue. Political economy assumes, and unfortunately assumes with truth, that the action of a community is based in the main upon the interested motives of its members. The science has happily proved at the same time that, even in the absence of any higher sentiment, the upshot of the personal greed of millions will on the whole tend to the enrichment and convenience of the entire community. In common with other fanatics of his school, Mr. POTTER has converted a scientific maxim into a moral duty, and prides himself on regarding no interests but his own, because the laws of human action have provided a wonderful antidote for the evils of unmitigated selfishness. Yet it is not true that science demonstrates that the lowest of human motives is in itself a blessing, although, faithful to facts, it bases its conclusions on a truth which it cannot gainsay. It is only Mr. RUSKIN who accuses Political Economy of preaching inhumanity as a duty, and only men like Mr. POTTER who give countenance to the charge.

There are duties which even Manchester can sometimes recognise beyond the pale of the morality which consists in caring for one's self. By law, a man may assuredly do what he likes with his own. A landowner may build a village to-day, fill it with patient labourers, and give them their daily occupation in the cultivation of the fields around them. He may discover to-morrow that so great is the demand for sport that he can make more profit of his land by turning a whole country side into a solitude, and stocking it with deer. Of course, no landowner ever thought of depriving the population of an estate of subsistence without caring for them elsewhere; but we fancy we can remember that whenever a few score people have been dispossessed by the caprice or the greed of a landlord, Manchester men have not been slow to recall the maxim that property has its duties as well as its rights. Is it only landed property to which this old-fashioned rule applies? or is it possible that any duty can be violated by a manufacturer who collects his hundreds or thousands of operatives, and turns them adrift to starve, because he thinks it may be for his interest to remove his capital into some more thriving trade? According to Mr. POTTER's morality, the landholder must find his duty, like the millowner, in his interest alone, and it is only weak sentimentalists who can think that it is any wrong to society to make a capricious use of wealth.

The sternest philosophers, however, have their momentary relapses, and with an ill grace even Mr. POTTER confesses that he is childish enough to be swayed by motives of humanity. The appeal to Government, he assures us, was “dictated by feelings of humanity and inevitable necessity and expediency, rather than selfishness.” The principle on which the claims of humanity and selfishness are to be reconciled is obvious and simple. It is the duty of capitalists to do their selfishness for themselves, and their humanity by deputy. In determining whether or not to risk their own money in their own trade, interest alone is to be the guide. In disposing of the proceeds

of the taxation of the country, the voice of humanity may be listened to without any dereliction of duty.

The code of Manchester morality will not be altered by preaching, and we are quite content to note what the recognised doctrines of our Cotton Lords are, without presuming to suggest that any loftier motives can be found upon earth. But there is one point on which the hardest of political economists is open to conviction. If self-interest is the only law which he acknowledges, he does not deny that it must be a wise and intelligent selfishness; and in urging their strange proposition that the Government should undertake the purchase and conveyance of cotton for the trade, the great cotton deputation put us in possession of facts which throw some doubt on the prudence of which they boast. We are told that the natives in the interior of India have not yet learned to believe in the existence of the English demand; that the unheard-of prices in Liverpool, and even in Bombay, do not tempt them to send their produce to the best market, and that they are selling to their neighbours at 1*d.* and 2*d.* a lb. a commodity which is worth 8*d.* or 9*d.* at the coast, and from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* in the English markets. The comparatively small demand for manufactured cotton in India during the last year, and the fact that the shipments of the raw material are actually less this year than they were in 1861, gives much countenance to these assertions; and we believe that what the Manchester oracles say is perfectly true—that the only thing wanted to develop the supply to an almost unlimited extent is to bring the native grower and the English purchaser fairly face to face. But if these representations are well-founded, it is just possible that there may be more selfishness than intelligence in the assertion, that Manchester capitalists ought not to risk their money by sending agents to select and purchase cotton on the fields where it is grown. The personal gain to those who entered on such a traffic would surely be enough to counterbalance the loss of the advantage to be derived from the ruin of the smaller millowners; for if it be true that Government agents could make a profit, it is certain that a much larger profit would be realized by commercial houses on their own account. Mr. POTTER will no doubt say that he and his friends know their own business best; but our confidence in this is a little shaken by his admission that the trade generally have been so far blind to their real interest as to have brought themselves to ruin by a want of ordinary foresight. It is only in the narrowest sense that a maxim of this kind is ever true. While a trade flows in its ordinary course, those engaged in it do know infinitely more about it than any others. But in a time of sudden disruption their special knowledge is apt to be a snare to them. The trade of Manchester has been to buy American cotton in Liverpool and spin it into yarn, and not to buy Surats in the interior of India. The old trade exists no longer, and those who have been trained in it cannot bring themselves to appreciate the extent of the revolution which has taken place. All their traditions and habits fail them at once, and their wilful blindness to what is unaccustomed may possibly surpass the ignorance of an ordinary spectator. Whether this be so or not, Manchester has not the monopoly of economical science, and in spite of Mr. POTTER, and Mr. BURN, or even of Mr. CORDEN himself, we venture to say that a Government agency for the supply of cotton, or any other commodity, must be a failure, even under circumstances where private agency would be sure of reaping enormous profits.

The functions of the Government and the Trade are plainly marked out. The two obstacles to the export of cotton from India are the want of the material means of transit, and the want of the human agency to employ them. To make roads and canals is as clearly the duty which belongs to the State as it is the part of the private trader to guide the stream of commerce in the right direction. It may take years before the ryot has sufficient knowledge and enterprise to send cotton in any adequate quantities to the coast. If the seller will not bring his commodities to a strange market, it is for the buyer to seek them where they can be found; and this, on the assurance of the Manchester deputation, is the only thing that is needed. But Manchester has been accustomed to buy in Liverpool, and it is, of course, the interest (and therefore, according to Mr. POTTER, the duty) of the manufacturer to induce the Government to bring the supply of raw material to the accustomed port; and until this modest demand is met by a distinct refusal, there is little chance that the millowners will discover that it may, after all, be their wisest policy to seek the commodity they require in the market where it is to be found. We will not impeach their fidelity to their cience so far as to assume that they will be biased by the consideration which they press on the Government that millions of their own people

are dependent on the development of the Indian supply, but we may fairly ask them to ascertain by experiment whether it will not pay to go to the producer, who is so slow to come to them.

THE DEBATE ON CHINA.

A SECOND skirmish between Mr. CORDEN and Lord PALMERSTON gave a certain interest to the debate about China. To decide the question whether the trading ports ought to be defended against the Taepings, it would be necessary to possess a special knowledge which is not always accompanied by a calm judgment. Two or three members of the House of Commons have decided opinions about the Chinese insurgents, and their peculiar opportunities of information seem always to convert them into heated partisans. It is evident that the schismatic rebels are as cruel as the orthodox subjects of Peking, and in their capacity of migratory freebooters they are probably in all other respects more worthless. They have ceased to find favour with Protestants who dislike hypocritical travesties of their own doctrines, and the Roman Catholic missionaries naturally detest the iconoclasts who, confounding the symbols of the Church with the idolatrous emblems of Buddhism, attack both with indiscriminate hostility. Candid Englishmen will in general admit that they know little of the Taepings, and that they have heard nothing in their favour; but the question whether the ports of commerce are to be protected against their inroads has little to do with their moral or theological qualities. The expediency of thus far aiding the Chinese Government depends on the special circumstances of the case. It is evidently undesirable to be mixed up with Chinese politics, and there is always a certain inconvenience in undertaking joint operations in concert with the French; but, on the other hand, it would be unpleasant to be driven or starved out of the commercial positions which have been laboriously secured by war and diplomacy. The European commanders have laid down a rule that the Taepings are not to come within thirty miles of the trading ports, and they can enforce their demands by attacking any body of rebels which imprudently ventures within the forbidden limits. The primary object is to protect foreign trade; and if the Imperial Government is incidentally strengthened, the maintenance of order is not likely to degenerate into officious interference. Mr. WALPOLE exaggerated the difficulty of the task when he pointed out the enormous extent of districts with a thirty-mile radius around sixteen different centres. Even the Taepings are not in sixteen places at once; and as soon as they discover that the Europeans are in earnest, they will probably keep aloof from the protected parts of the country. An insurance-office could scarcely deal with simultaneous fires at the houses of all its customers, and yet it may prudently undertake to make good the damage of any single conflagration.

Mr. WHITE's reasons against the policy sanctioned by the Government, although they were not conclusive, were much to the purpose. Mr. CORDEN's more ambitious denunciation of all interference was founded, not on the circumstances of China, but on the general principle that the use of force is objectionable. The day before, Mr. CORDEN had objected to expenditure on ships and forts, and it was certain that he would disapprove of military operations in any part of the world. A uniform conclusion deduced from varying facts always excites suspicion. The burden is, in truth, composed before the song, and it recurs at arbitrary intervals, with little reference to the language of particular stanzas. A Chinese war is especially hateful to Mr. CORDEN; and he considers it only a secondary matter that the recent operations have been undertaken in support of the Imperial Government. As Lord PALMERSTON remarked, the check imposed on the ravages of the Taepings is a reparation for any damage which may have been inflicted on the Chinese Government, rather than a repetition of the alleged injustice. It was not unnatural that an opportunity should be seized of reproaching the Minister for his general policy, but Mr. CORDEN was not contented with censuring former wars, or with deprecating interference in the internal quarrels of China. With characteristic dogmatism, he proceeded to assert that English merchants misunderstand their own interests, that open ports have no tendency to promote trade, and that the attempt to create commercial relations with the interior was a costly mistake. It might be supposed that those who conduct the trade with China know their own business best; but because the Government has secured facilities for their enterprise, Mr. CORDEN coolly declares that it would be more profitable to trade only at two or three points on the border of the empire. Of the whole actual and possible trade with three or four hundred millions of industrious people, he speaks

with a contempt which might befit some raw critic of his own commercial treaty. The Chinese, as he announces, have little inclination to buy, and have nothing to sell but a certain quantity of tea and silk; and the Government is expected to act on his arbitrary statement, although traders themselves may think it worth while to penetrate the great arteries of the empire in search of gain. When Mr. BRIGHT has become the loudest prophet of war, it is perhaps natural that Mr. CORDEN should disbelieve in the capacity of merchants to take care of themselves. The Government has only provided them with markets, and it now furnishes them with the aid of police to guard them from the violence of freebooters. The objection that their undertakings are not likely to be successful scarcely becomes the most famous advocate and representative of free trade. Mr. CORDEN is never tired of boasting that he has removed some of the barriers between France and England, and he may reasonably believe that persuasion is better than force; yet the proceedings of successive Governments in extorting concessions from China have produced exactly similar results. The seaboard and the interior have been thrown open to a trade which was formerly forbidden, and experience alone can show whether trade will spring up between two remote and busy communities. According to Mr. CORDEN, the Chinese are too industrious to buy goods from abroad, but their power to undersell all kinds of foreign commodities is simply matter of conjecture. The Emperor of the FRENCH sold to Mr. CORDEN favours which he would have otherwise conferred gratuitously. Lord PALMERSTON and his predecessors extorted from the Chinese commercial treaties which would never have been conceded in peace. The establishment of sound principles, even if effected by an unjustifiable process, cannot have been an unmixed disadvantage.

It is possible that some of the ports may cost more to defend than they are likely to produce in profits of trade; but, as a general rule, it must be worth while to protect the trading settlements from lawless violence. There is no question of following up the marauders into their remoter haunts, or of giving any but an indirect support to the authority of the Imperial Government. Mr. WHITE, like almost all Mr. CORDEN's followers or allies, utterly disagrees with the ostentatious credulity of his leader. The Emperor of the FRENCH has to content himself with the confidence which he inspires in two or three of his eminent advocates. Mr. WHITE, on the contrary, suspects him of dangerous designs on China, and objects to any concurrence in his enterprises which may be afforded under colour of a common defence of the treaty ports. It is true that General MONTAUBAN declared in the Senate that the French arms in China were employed solely in the defence and propagation of Christianity. The hero of the Summer Palace repudiated the covetous designs of his English associates; and Mr. WHITE, therefore, with much simplicity, assumes that the French are exclusively engaged in promoting their own glory and the good of the Church. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the officers on the spot entertain any theological dislike to the Taepings, for, in driving them away from the trading towns on the coast, they are not conducting to the triumph of any sect or opinion. Future historians may perhaps differ as to the character of the war with the Chinese Government; but they will scarcely find fault with the present determination to protect against mere wrong-doers the rights of intercourse which now belong equally to the Chinese and to their foreign customers. It can hardly be a cause for regret that the most populous empire in the world has, by various methods, been brought into connexion with the rest of mankind. Notwithstanding Mr. CORDEN's assurances, it seems probable that the most industrious and thrifty of Oriental races will contrive to derive from dealings with strangers a profit which must necessarily be reciprocal. Lord PALMERSTON, having no fixed idea to defend, proved himself for once a sounder free-trader than his new and bitter assailant.

SIR CHARLES WOOD AND MR. LAING.

OF all the recent changes in the administration of Indian affairs, there is none which has been received with so much approval, or which has appeared so fully to justify itself by the event, as the policy of sending out a first-rate English financier to evoke order and prosperity out of the ruin and confusion into which the Indian Treasury seemed to have been inextricably sunk. After a series of deficits, each of which was about equal to the whole expenditure of a second-class European kingdom, we have had the welcome surprise of a balanced Budget followed by the promise of

a handsome surplus for the coming year. The reality of this satisfactory reaction has approved itself by the steady and rapid increase of the cash balances in India. The Government securities, which were unmarketable a few years ago at an enormous discount, now command a large premium. Railways are being pushed on with more vigour than ever, and at last even roads and canals—the most important and the most neglected of all possible Indian investments—are receiving, if not an adequate, at least a very considerable measure of official assistance. Obnoxious taxes, which the pecuniary distress of the Government had rendered necessary, have been repealed with a liberal hand, and if Mr. LAING's Budget is to be trusted, the buoyant revenue of India is likely to furnish the means of further remissions and freer expenditure in future years. When this excellent news came to us, authenticated by the unhesitating assurance of a man of Mr. LAING's reputation, it was impossible to persist in the incredulity with which all promises of improvement in the finances of India had so long been received.

We have no sooner recovered from the shock of this welcome surprise than we are startled by the counter assertions of Sir C. WOOD to the effect that the calculations of the CHANCELLOR of the Indian Exchequer are nothing but a tissue of blunders. We are told that in one year a gross error of 1,000,000*l.* on one side was only concealed by an equally gross error of 1,000,000*l.* on the other, and, what is most disheartening of all, that the surplus on which Mr. LAING reckons for 1862-3 is an entire delusion, and that the corrected calculations show an estimated deficit of more than 800,000*l.* If Sir CHARLES WOOD is right, there never was exhibited, in a position like that occupied by Mr. LAING, such utter ignorance of the most elementary principles of finance, and even of the common rules of arithmetic. Mr. LAING not only cannot estimate without gigantic blunders, but he has positively based his management of the Indian finances upon calculations which are vitiated by arithmetical slips to the extent of more than a million sterling. This is the charge which the INDIAN SECRETARY has taken every opportunity to make against the director of the Indian finances, and many persons are probably wondering what answer Mr. LAING will give to an accusation which is unfortunately proved beyond the shadow of a doubt.

After the successive surprises of an almost incredible Budget, and an equally incredible charge of blundering folly, we are afraid that a third surprise, on the same sensation scale, may uproot all the foundations of faith in figures, and leave the minds of our readers in a hopeless chaos of doubt. But although Mr. LAING has not yet had an opportunity of stating his version of the matter, the whole truth is open to anyone who chooses to study the uninviting pages of a recent Parliamentary paper, containing the financial correspondence between the Home Department and the Government of India. And the whole truth is this—that, so far as Mr. LAING's administration is concerned, the alleged blundering is a pure fiction, and that the matter resolves itself into a dispute of long standing between Sir C. WOOD and Mr. LAING as to the propriety of inserting one or two items (the nature of which we will shortly explain) on one side or the other of the Indian balance-sheet. The root of the complaint made by Sir C. WOOD is not the incompetency, but the insubordination, of the Financial Member of Council. A difference arises as to the principle on which the balance-sheet should be framed, analogous to those difficulties which are constantly occurring in distinguishing the capital and revenue accounts of a railway company. There is something to be said on each side, but Sir C. WOOD peremptorily insists that the disputed items shall be entered in the way he thinks right—whereupon Mr. LAING treats the mandate with contempt, and continues to frame his accounts on what he considers to be the sounder principle. Whether Mr. LAING is bound to submit to commands from the INDIAN SECRETARY as to the insertion of a specific item in his accounts, involves a sufficiently grave question respecting the relative position of the two officials; but the controversy has been needlessly, and not very ingeniously, embittered by converting the claim of authority into an accusation of gross incompetency founded on the flimsiest possible pretext.

We do not mean to inflict on our readers an abstract of all the petty wrangling which is disclosed by the correspondence recently printed, and we shall confine our remarks to the specific charges which have been prominently brought forward. The first of these is, that in one year Mr. LAING's calculations were vitiated by an error in addition of about 1,000,000*l.* This has been ingeniously put, so as to imply that the whole of the financial policy of India has been framed on that false basis, and that, but for another equal

and opposite blunder, there would have been a corresponding derangement of the finances of India. The grain of truth in this assertion is sufficiently minute. In April last a despatch was sent from India, stating the estimated results of the financial year 1861-62 founded on the actual returns of the first eleven months, and giving explanations of the Budget estimate for 1862-63. These, it will be remembered, are the only two years with which Mr. LAING has had to deal, and the despatch is exclusively concerned with this period; but, to facilitate comparison, the tabulated statement which accompanied the despatch contained not only the accounts of 1861-62 and the estimate for 1862-63, but also a third column purporting to give the ascertained balance-sheet of 1860-61. All the items in this balance-sheet are unquestioned. The total revenue is given. The expenditure, excluding railways, and also the railway, charges are correctly set down; but in stating the resulting deficit, *excluding* railways, the clerk who prepared the abstract, and for whom Mr. LAING is perhaps theoretically responsible, included by mistake the railway expenditure, and caused the error of 1,000,000*l.* which has been so adroitly used by Sir C. WOOD. The slip occurs in an historical statement of back accounts which had nothing to do with the subject of the despatch—it relates to a period before Mr. LAING went to India—it is one which corrects itself the instant it is seen, and it neither did nor could lead Sir C. WOOD or Mr. LAING for one moment astray, nor was it ever made the basis of any calculations whatever. But it chanced to come at a very opportune moment. There were pending disputes as to other important items, and a disingenuous triumph might easily be won by pointing to an obvious inaccuracy in a mere collateral statement, as a ground for imputing to similar blundering what is really a difference in principle as to matters of considerable importance.

The real contest is one which has been maintained ever since Mr. LAING went to India, and arises in much the same way on the estimates of the past and the coming year. It will be enough to deal with it as it appears on the last estimates. The first of the disputed items is a sum of about half a million, which Sir C. WOOD insists on having entered as a charge against the revenues of India, under the not quite accurate title of "Railway Loss by Exchange." The others consist of a group of items representing certain windfalls of about 700,000*l.*, which Mr. LAING claims to include in the income of the year. What is called the "Railway Loss by Exchange" arises in this way:—The bargain between the Indian Government and the guaranteed Railway Companies is, in substance, that the railways shall raise and lend to the Government, at 5 per cent., a certain amount of capital; and that thereupon the Government shall make advances as required for the construction of the works, and get back 5 per cent. on the amount out of the first returns of the railways. The intention was, that the loans by the Companies to the Government should exactly equal the advances made by the Government to the Companies; and this arrangement involved the risk that while the Government paid a certain 5 per cent. on what they borrowed from the Companies, they secured only an uncertain 5 per cent., with some prospective advantages, on their advances in return. Of course it is quite immaterial to the Government whether the Companies lend the stipulated amount of capital, or whether the whole or any part of it is raised by the Government itself from other lenders on equally favourable terms; and accordingly, when it was found that the Companies did not raise capital as fast as was desired, Sir C. WOOD obtained authority for a railway loan to enable the Government to make advances for works to an amount far exceeding the capital paid in by the Companies. But besides this voluntary excess of the Government railway advances, there was another accidental excess arising out of the terms of the contract. Almost all the payments by the Companies are made in British money in London. The greater part of the counter-advances by the Government are in rupees in India. For the purpose of keeping these sums approximately equal according to the original plan, it was arranged that the rupee should always be assumed to be of the value of 1*s.* 10*d.* But the real value of a rupee, according to the rate of exchange which has prevailed for some years, is as nearly as possible 2*s.* The consequence is, that if a Company pays in in London 1,100,000*l.* the amount which the Indian Government is bound to expend in India will be, in real value, 1,200,000*l.* The extra 100,000*l.* is not lost, because 5 per cent. interest will have to be paid on 1,100,000*l.* only, while, if the railways produce sufficient income, 5 per cent. will be received by the Government on 1,200,000*l.* Put in another way, it comes to this—that the railways are bound to lend to the Government eleven-twelfths of the necessary advances in

India, and the Government has undertaken to supply the remaining one-twelfth. In fact, the Government is furnishing much more than this, and as a matter of course the amount so advanced is charged to capital, and will be covered by a loan so far as the cash balances may be insufficient for the purpose. Mr. LAING says that the one-twelfth which the Government provides by the accidental arrangement as to the conventional rate of exchange ought in like manner to be charged against capital, and not against income; and he has, therefore, in spite of Sir C. Wood's orders, deliberately omitted the item from his accounts of the year. Apart from the question who is right on principle, this at least is clear—that there is no ground whatever for an accusation of careless blundering.

The other controversy is very similar. It will be remembered that the Indian Government made large advances for the China war. These are now about to be repaid by the War Office, and, with other similar items, make up a total of about 700,000*l.* as a windfall of the year. This Mr. LAING treats as income, just as China tribute and Spanish repayments have been treated by Mr. GLADSTONE and others in our own accounts. Sir C. Wood insists that the repayment of a loan is not income, and by striking out this amount and adding the so-called railway loss by exchange, he makes up the discrepancy which he charges as a blunder in Mr. LAING's accounts.

We have said enough to show that the issue is very different from that which has been so unfairly paraded in Mr. LAING's absence, and it is not, perhaps, necessary to pronounce on the very nice questions involved in the dispute. This, however, must be borne in mind—a national balance-sheet does not profess, like a railway revenue account, to include only the charges and the revenue which properly belong to the year. The object of it is different. The railway balance-sheet is meant to show how much profit can fairly be divided. The national balance-sheet is intended only to make the whole receipts and payments balance; and for this reason it comprises, on the one side, all that is coming in during the year from whatever source, and, on the other, whatever will have to be paid out, whether for the service of the year or by way of permanent investment. On this principle, the windfalls which Mr. LAING claims clearly belong to the income of the year. On the same principle, all investments in public works, though really payments on capital account, are properly set down among the charges to be covered. But there are occasional exceptions to this rule. For example, the fortification expenditure now going on in England is not brought into the estimates on one side, nor does the loan raised for this special purpose appear as part of the ordinary ways and means. The investment is, in effect, carried to a separate capital account. This is just what is done in India. The capital lent by the Railway Companies and the advances made by the Government do not enter into the accounts, the interest alone appearing there. The railway loan raised by the Government itself will in like manner be kept off the general balance-sheet, as well as the extra advances made out of the proceeds. The loss by exchange differs from these extra advances only in this—that it is a sum which the Government stands pledged to advance, and for which no specific provision has been made by way of loan either from the Companies or in any other manner. The more reasonable course certainly seems to be to treat this advance like the rest of the railway investments of the Government, and keep it off the ordinary balance-sheet; for there is no conceivable reason why a voluntary outlay of several millions beyond the capital of the Companies should be covered by the loan, unless a precisely similar outlay under the provisions of a contract is dealt with in the same way. On both the real issues the blunders are certainly not on Mr. LAING's side, and for the rest we would rather have been guilty of the slip which is found in the returns of a by-gone year than of the unfair use which has been made of it to prejudice a question with which it has no connexion. One consequence of the dispute is certain, and that is, that the relations between the Indian CHANCELLOR (whoever he may be) and the SECRETARY OF STATE must be put upon a more definite footing than that which has led to so much unseemly bickering. No first-rate financier will go out to India if his accounts are to be subject to the absolute dictation of a SECRETARY OF STATE at home.

ROYAL ROADS TO HISTORY.

IT is a tempting thing when a man offers you the rewards of labour without condemning you to its fatigues. There is a tract of Mrs. Hannah More's headed, *The Way to be Charitable without Expense*. In a similar spirit, there is a large class of books which might be lettered, "*The Way to be Learned without*

Study." Perhaps the grandest instance of all is the system of the Modern History School at Oxford. A man there gets his First Class after six months' reading, including at the outside one original writer. The only principle on which such an abuse of honours can be justified is that, when a man has won a Class on such easy terms, he may be led, for very shame, to do something afterwards to deserve it. If he rests on it, he is of course undone. He had better have read nothing at all than be led to fancy that he knows a great deal, when in truth he knows so very little. This "conceit of knowledge without the reality," the evil which it was the great object of Socrates to root up, is the natural result of all attempts either to cram the work of years into a few months, or to crowd the contents of a library into a single volume. Of all fatal things there is nothing so fatal to all real knowledge as the system of Compendiums. They start from the undoubted truths that life is too short for the most devoted student to learn everything, and that most men can give only a very small portion of their lives to learning anything. But no inference can be false than that men should therefore attempt to get up universal knowledge through the medium of Compendiums. No man has time to learn everything—most men have time to learn very little. The true inference is, not that they should attempt to learn all things superficially, but that they should attempt to learn a few things well. Take history for instance. The most diligent of students cannot get up the whole history of the world in original authorities. He must trust to second-hand writers for a large portion of his course. But the habit of using original authorities gives him a power of using second-hand authorities—of really judging and weighing their value whenever he is obliged to trust to them. A man who has read, if it be only one or two, contemporary records of past ages in other languages has done more to open his eyes than one who has read through a whole library of Compendiums. He may have fewer names and dates at his fingers' ends, but, if he has done his work with common care and thought, he has gained something very much better—namely, the power of understanding history. By reading even one or two original authorities, still more by reading two or three in different languages and belonging to different periods, he is enabled to see the real life and spirit of his subject, and to acquire those first principles of criticism which will be of use to him in reading second-hand writers. A man who understands no language but his own cannot do better than read some of the English historians of our own Civil War, taking care, of course, that his reading be neither wholly Cavalier nor wholly Roundhead. And he will also do well to read Thucydides and Tacitus in a good translation, if he can find one. A man who understands Greek, Latin, or French, has a much wider field opened to him. Of course some men may not have time for any historical reading at all. But those who work their way through long Compendiums of Universal History must give a good deal of time to it. All we say is, that their time may be better employed.

We have before us some books of this sort of false history. There are two which call for special exposure on account at once of their enormous circulation and their utter worthlessness. One is a mere school-book, but the other is clearly meant as a book for grown people. *Maunder's Treasury of History* is a library in itself. It consists, not counting the Index, of 864 pages of small print in double columns. It contains, according to its Title-page, "a Series of Separate Histories of the Principal States and Kingdoms of the World, preceded by an Introductory Outline Sketch of Universal History from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time." The author is author also of *The Treasury of Knowledge*, *The Scientific and Literary Treasury*, &c.—the &c., as we find from advertisements elsewhere, consisting of a *Biographical Treasury*, a *Treasury of Natural History*, and a *Treasury of Geography*. Mr. Maunder, in short, must know everything—that is to say, he can really know nothing. The value of the writings of such a man is of course absolutely none. But they are just the sort of things to take in the people who run after compendiums. Here is all history in one volume, all science in another—one or two smaller subjects in, we suppose, smaller volumes. A man who reads Mr. Maunder need, of course, read nobody else. That is the evil. A really good introductory book is satisfied with being introductory. It guides its reader to deeper and more advanced works, but it does not attempt to take their place. A really good modern historian has his use—and a most necessary use—as a guide, a commentator, a harmonist to the original writers, but he does not attempt to make himself a substitute for them. The worst thing about such books as Mr. Maunder's is that they are satisfying. They do not stimulate inquiry; they refer to nothing beyond themselves; they do not suggest the existence of anything beyond themselves. As far as Mr. Maunder's readers are concerned, he may have got his knowledge of Universal History by intuition or express revelation. To criticize the matter of such books is of course mere waste of time. It is needless to point out particular blunders in fact, or particular opinions with which we disagree. There are plenty of both, but particular blunders and particular wrong opinions are not the real sin of the book. Indeed, as far as mere accuracy goes, it would be easy to find writers more inaccurate than Mr. Maunder. His narrative is hardly so inaccurate as, for instance, Dr. Liddell's unlucky *History of Rome*. In fact, a copyist of this sort will always make fewer blunders than either a dealer in allusions or a man writing from original authorities which he does not understand. To be sure, Mr. Maunder's book contains some very queer things. It makes one laugh to read that Charles Martel commanded the Norman infantry at Hastings, and it makes one angry to read that

Hampden was very wicked for not paying his ship-money quietly. But you might correct all Mr. Maunder's blunders in detail, and yet leave his book just as worthless as it was before. The fault lies in those things which no corrector can alter—in the general conception and general execution of the book. An all-sufficient Universal History in one volume is a delusion in itself. If it were perfectly accurate in every detail, it would be a delusion still. No man who knows what history is would attempt it; and, as only an incompetent man would attempt it, the execution is worthy of the conception.

One need not stop to point out this or that blunder, when the thing itself is a blunder from beginning to end. The style is, we need hardly say, the grand style—the only style to which a hack will condescend. The arrangement and proportion of one age and country to another is ludicrous. Patriotism, perhaps, dictated that English History should occupy more than half the book. But it is odd to find China allowed four times as much space as the United States. We probably do not yield to Mr. Maunder in admiration for the heroes of Greek independence, but we are amazed to find ancient Greece, mythical and historical, summed up in three pages, while modern Greece extends to eleven. The way of dealing with the subject is, of course, utterly unintelligent and unappreciating. Writers of this sort sway backwards and forwards between two equally dangerous rocks. Sometimes they fancy that men who lived so long ago could not have been men of like passions with ourselves; and they fall down and worship them like so many demigods. This is a very common treatment of the great men of Greece and Rome. Sometimes, on the other hand, a man with no ideas beyond his own age and country will set to work and judge everybody and everything by his own standard, despising and condemning whatever he cannot understand. Greeks and Romans sometimes, though less commonly, have this hard measure meted to them, while it is the almost universal treatment of the men and the institutions of mediæval Europe. In Mr. Maunder we find a little of both these tendencies, and of course his admiration and his contempt are both equally worthless. In all this he has many rivals; but one thing is, we think, peculiar to himself. Each page of history is placed in a setting of four apophthegms, something like the Bayeux Tapestry with its border. Of the four, two run horizontally and two perpendicularly. Sometimes they contain dates, sometimes brief summaries of fact, sometimes general reflections. Thus a page of Spanish history has round it these four sentences, "Listless indolence is nowhere more indulged than in Spain" (horizontal); "The Spaniards are eminently frugal and abstemious, they never allow the brain to be conquered by the stomach" (perpendicular); "'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow' is the favoured proverb in Spain, and rigidly followed" (perpendicular); "The 'Morescoes,' or descendants of the Moors, dwell in Granada" (horizontal). An American page has for its horizontal garnish the statements that "the American Banks are irresponsible joint-stock associations," and that "justice, honour, every noble quality, is sacrificed to party spirit." From the perpendicular statements we learn that "in no part of the world are bankruptcy and discredit so prevalent as in the commercial classes of the United States," and that "at the end of last war it was estimated that about 16,000 English seamen were in the American service." It is clear that no amount of improvement in detail can do any real good to a book so utterly vicious in principle. It has evidently gone through a large amount of enlargement, and something of what is meant for improvement. But a thing so essentially rotten is capable of nothing but an awkward sort of cobbling which only makes matters worse. There is one ludicrous instance. Mr. Maunder wrote his History of Rome in perfect faith, believing every myth without a doubt. Somebody has gone and stuck in a long extract from Arnold; but it is merely stuck in. The genuine Maunder was too sacred to be sacrificed to any such intruding innovator; so Mr. Maunder's solemn narrative of the reigns of Romulus, Numa, and the rest, immediately follows the "legend" copied from Arnold.

Mr. Maunder's works are clearly meant as a royal road to learning for grown persons. The other book which chance has thrown in our way, is the bugbear of school-girls, *Mangnall's Questions*. First, observe this detestable system of "Questions." A good teacher shapes his questions for himself out of what his pupils have been reading. But Miss Richmal Mangnall—for such we find from a "notice" is, or was, the author's sex and condition—meant her book for teachers who had not the sense to do this, and whose only notion of teaching was to hear a lesson said by heart. When the questions and answers are ready made, the lesson can be just as well heard by a teacher who does not understand as by one who does. Indeed, the teacher who does not understand will be by far the stricter of the two. He or she who understands will be satisfied if the matter of the answer be accurately given; but to him or her who does not understand, the variation of a synonymous word will be as great a crime as the variation of a material fact—that is, the sign that the child really knows her lesson will be set down as proof that she does not know it. Thus history, or whatever the subject may be, becomes a dull formula to be said over and forgotten, not a living story to be understood and remembered. And such history! Here, in a book printed in 1859, we have our school-girls solemnly asked questions about Cæcrops and Romulus, just as much as about Alexander, Gregory the Seventh, and Louis Napoleon. They are taught to believe that Edward I.

massacred the Welch bards, and that all sovereigns of England, since Henry VIII., have borne the title of Head of the Church. They are made to learn long strings of names of eminent men, or, as the book calls them, "eminent characters," which convey no idea, and are forgotten the next morning. They learn an "Abstract of Heathen Mythology"—that is to say, a dull alphabetical account of Acheron, Achilles ("a Grecian who signalized himself at the siege of Troy"), Acis, Actæon, &c., not exactly in the style of Mr. Cox's *Tales from Greek Mythology*. What can the poor little girls have done in some former state of existence to deserve so hard a fate?

After all this, we are inclined to look favourably on a book with an odd title enough—namely, the *Historical Finger-Post*, a *Handy Book of Terms, Phrases, Epithets, Cognomens, Allusions, &c. in connexion with Universal History, including Politics, Theology, Law, Commerce, Literature, Army and Navy, Arts and Sciences, Geography, Tradition, National, Social, and Personal Characteristics, &c. &c. &c.*, by Edward Shelton. Mr. Shelton has certainly, in so vast a range, erred now and then, but he is a small offender compared with Mr. Maunder and Miss Richmal Mangnall. We cannot see that their books can serve any useful purpose at all. Now Mr. Shelton's, if used discreetly, may. As long as our high-polite writers will use "Terms, Phrases, Epithets, Cognomens, Allusions, &c. in connexion with Universal History," which neither they nor their readers commonly understand, Mr. Shelton may do some good by explaining, with decent accuracy as things go, what those "Terms, Phrases," &c., mean. Thus far Mr. Shelton's labours are legitimate. But there is a fear lest men of perverse minds should use Mr. Shelton's little book as a Treasury of "Terms, Phrases," &c. to adorn their own compositions. If his work be thus misapplied, his responsibility will be hardly less heavy than that of our Maunders and our Mangnalls.

THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

LAST week Oxford held its yearly feast, and received into its list of honorary dignitaries as curious and as distinguished a company as it ever welcomed. A Prime Minister verging on eighty, the representative of a Catholic slaveholding empire, and one of the greatest of the Indian heroes, are three persons strange enough to meet together for the purpose of being made Doctors of Civil Law. In strict reason, there is not much sense in the thing, but practically this is the way in which the Universities pay their homage to the outer world, and in which the outer world pays its homage to the Universities. There is a certain relation kept up between the two in England which is of great value to the University, and of some value to society at large. It is easy to exaggerate the effect of the world on Oxford, and to suppose that because great statesmen and eminent foreigners are honoured there, Oxford is much affected by men whom it only sees for a day. The undergraduates who assemble in the galleries to express by hisses and cheers the sentiments of the youthful Englishman, are pleased with the wit they hear or display, tickled by the license they enjoy of openly condemning or applauding their pastors and masters, and confirmed in their pride in the University by seeing it held in open honour. But after the day is over, the undergraduate is much as he was before, and the praise or censure of a gallery of boys does not much affect its objects. Still the Commemoration brings before us in a picturesque and striking way the connexion that does undoubtedly exist between the Universities and the country at large, and there are many ways in which, on reflection, this connexion is closer than would at first sight appear. The University is, if we come to think of it, curiously like the society in which it flourishes; and it is this likeness which gives their most peculiar features, both bad and good, to the English Universities. Many of the incidents of the recent Commemoration may be used to show in what this likeness especially consists.

In the first place, the English Universities are singularly unpedantic, and they are unpedantic in the way in which the typical Englishman is unpedantic. Of the pedantry which consists in thinking the whole scheme of things in which we live the only one worth caring a straw about, there is plenty at Oxford, as everywhere else in England. We are all sure that we have got hold of the right Constitution, Church, education, and manners. Other nations are estimable in proportion as it has been given them to see this. But Englishmen are free from the pedantry of learning. They do not rate the advantage of knowledge very highly. They resent with Lord Shaftesbury the tyranny of Professors. Oxford does this too in an eminent degree. There are very few learned men at Oxford. They might be counted on the fingers of one hand. But there are many intelligent men, with a fair share of learning, and whose learning, as far as it goes, is perfectly genuine. Oxford supplies by cartloads those valuable persons who form the medium of communication between men of original genius and profound learning and the unlettered vulgar. The University is a manufactory of highly polished porous conduit-pipes, and these pipes do not think much of being pipes. They do not want to obtrude themselves on the world as the learned men of the country. They want to do a useful piece of work, and have a little quiet, very local credit. The students, again, are only students in a very moderate degree. They are kept at work, but the utmost care is taken that the work shall not be overpowering. The labours of the Oxford undergraduate,

unless an examination is very near, stop at one o'clock. The rest of the day he devotes to refreshing his exhausted frame and recovering from the fatigue of three hours' attendance at lecture. Even the work of successful men is only hard for a short period of their course. But what Oxford does it does well. It manages to get something more than cram put into most men. It prepares men for practical professions, so far as giving them ease in applying to different subjects and a habit of self-reliance goes, although it rather encourages a turn to take things too gently. It also teaches admirably all the social and moral lessons that a University can teach. But it avoids creating the sort of man who is at home only in a place of learning; and its members, especially its idler members, are very proud of this, and of the gentlemanly turn it gives them.

It is very much this sort of man, if only he has unusual pluck, or grasp of mind, or facility of persuading and leading others, who arrives at the highest distinction in England. The man whom the country is bent on honouring most at present, because he is so clever and successful, and is so curiously young for his time of life, is precisely the ideal of a non-pedantic University man realized in the highest sphere of the practical world. Lord Palmerston in his red doctor's gown was a "moral" to all his Oxford spectators. Oh, that they could know so much, and conceal their knowledge so cleverly under the guise of the man of the world, and get hold of so many good things, and live to be so hale in old age! The distinctions which the University honours at Commemoration are the distinctions which the University honours in its every-day life. That Brazilian D.C.L. was more typical than he suspected. He represented the pride of place and station in rather a naked form, and the University likes this. There is, perhaps, a rather too complete absence of intellectual pride at Oxford. The claims of social rank and of wealth are rather too frankly and humbly admitted. Real honest toad-eating is comparatively rare at Oxford. It has been found not to answer. What is the good of licking a young nobleman's shoes, when, in after life, just before his Lordship's best living becomes vacant, he sells the next presentation to a Jew? What is the good of hunting after serious Cabinet Ministers when bishoprics are thrown away on popular preachers? The Oxford don bows down, not so much before the great world in any representative as before its general idea. It is out of the abyss of his strong common sense that the humility comes. He is haunted by a feeling of the absurdity displayed by a man who pretends to be distinguished or eminent with the income of a College tutor in a provincial town. He thinks the general standard of the country is the only true one, and by this standard he comes short. He despises the notion of having a special standard for the University, and dreads sinking into the learned self-complacency of a German Professor. There is a slight want of poetry and of the worship of the Beautiful and True about this way of looking at things, but it has all the excellences of sterling prose.

The galleries at Commemoration also reflect the English world at large in their likes and dislikes, and in their way of meting out approval and censure. There is a fixity about the opinions of undergraduates that is in the highest degree English. Perhaps the oddest instance of this is the hearty and prolonged cheer which the name of Mr. Disraeli produces at Oxford. The undergraduates do not catch this from their elders. Probably there is no set of men who more dislike Mr. Disraeli, despise his manoeuvring, and steadily oppose him, than University men of some little standing. But the undergraduates do not criticize him or know much about him. They see in him the startling and attractive combination of the cleverness they admire and the Conservatism they love. They cheer him because he is so useful to the right side. One of the most strange of all the strange things in England is that the young men at the Universities are so Conservative, and it shows what a great deal is required to keep the English Constitution going that this is the case. The roots of order must have struck their fibres very deep when the young are so proud of being opposed to change. England is opposed to change much in the same way. It does not take much trouble to understand characters, or changes of policy, or difficult questions not forced on it. Lastly, the justice and injustice of the undergraduates are also very English. They loudly cheered, for example, Professor Jowett. They thought he had been unjustly treated. They understood that he was kept out of money justly due to him, and they were indignant at a man being thought good theologian enough to be allowed to work like a horse, but had theologian enough to be made to work for nothing. This was an intelligible grievance, a precise assignable wrong, and when Englishmen get hold of such a case they are always ready to back the injured man independently of their opinions. On the other hand, they received very coldly the name of Earl Russell. We do not suppose that anywhere he is a very popular man, but in almost every other assembly he would meet with much more admiration than at Oxford. His lively interest in the English Constitution, his occasional disregard of popular clamour, his assiduity and impartiality in the conduct of ordinary business, are not merits that captivate the young. And he is the sort of man often little appreciated by the country. Lord Russell has been preserved by his connections from the risk of obscurity; but minor men of his stamp are apt to be buried in unmerited oblivion. It is a comfort, however, to reflect that he is, perhaps, the last of human beings to care whether the undergraduates cheered him or not.

DUKE PASQUIER.

THERE is a scene in the *Bride of Lammermoor* in which the Scotch Lords of Council are discussing which of them is to pocket the fine about to be laid on Bucklaw:—

"Surely," said Lord Turntipet, "there is nae noble lord that will presume to say that I, who hae complied wi' a' compliances, tane all manner of tests, abjured all that was to be abjured, and sworn a' that was to be sworn, for these thirty years bypast, sticking fast by my duty to the State through good report and bad report, should na' hae something now and then to synd my mouth wi' after sic drouthy work. Eh?" "It would be very unreasonable indeed, my lord," replied the Marquis, "had we either thought that your lordship's drouth was quenchable, or observed anything stick in your throat that required washing down."

We should be sorry to be guilty of injustice to any nonagenarian or centenarian Duke, French or English; but on glancing over the long and prosperous career of Pasquier, and contrasting his titles and emoluments with his capacity, our first impulse was to rank him amongst the Turntipets, and friendly biographers have altogether failed to convince us that they are benefiting humanity by praising him. Let us, however, recapitulate the leading events of his life, and see what moral can be drawn from them.

He was born in 1767, the son of a counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, in which, as soon as his education was completed, he became, by a kind of hereditary right, a Counsellor of Requests. His father was arrested on the 10th August, 1792, and guillotined, with the father of Count Molé, in April, 1794. He and his friend are reported to have made the most desperate and unremitting exertions to avert this catastrophe; and filial piety is rather a crime than a merit when it runs counter to the frenzy of the hour. Guizot relates that when the part played by Lavalette's daughter in aiding his escape was mentioned before a great lady, she exclaimed, "*La petite scélérat!*" The revolutionary tribunals weighed Pasquier's heroism in the same balance, and his fate was certain had the Reign of Terror been prolonged. A pleasantry of Talleyrand's touching a *tapis* would seem to connect him, in a subordinate capacity, with the Convention; but he first emerges from perhaps calculated obscurity in 1804, when he was appointed Master of Requests by Cambacères. He speedily became Councillor of State, Procureur-Général, Baron, and Commander of the Legion of Honour. The important office of Préfet de Police becoming vacant in 1810, Pasquier was suggested to Napoleon, who, guessing his Royalist tendencies, expressed an unwillingness to place his conscience in opposition to his duty. When the Imperial scruple was repeated to the candidate, he protested a devotion without bounds. "But, in a word," asked Napoleon, "if you were informed that a Bourbon was hidden in Paris, what would you do?" "My duty, Sir. I would not hesitate an instant to arrest him, and your Majesty should know nothing of it till the law had been executed." "Good," replied the Emperor; "you are Prefect of Police." The pledge was kept about as loyally as the more celebrated one of Ney to bring back Napoleon in a cage.

Accounts differ as to Pasquier's demeanour in the Mallet plot, which could hardly have been defeated by his presence of mind, since he was in the hands of the conspirators when they were detected and seized. Indeed, he was examined before the Council of State on a charge of complicity, and, although not displaced, remained temporarily under a shade. At length a time arrived when the good faith of his professions on entering office was to be tested. The Allies were encamped without the walls of Paris, and all within was confusion and uncertainty. We now know that the advance on the capital was risked on the strength of positive assurances of cooperation and sympathy conveyed by trimmers; and although it nowhere appears that Pasquier went the same lengths as Talleyrand in this emergency, he certainly fell far short of the energy that might have been anticipated from a functionary so peculiarly situated; for a Prefect of Police, specific promises apart, is bound, by the very nature of his office, to maintain the cause of his employer to the last. It is an office no honest man would accept under a dynasty which was indifferent to him. Instead of resigning, he first hurried off to the Allied camp, under the pretence of stipulating for the safety of Paris, and then hurried back to carry out the instructions of Nesselrode by proclaiming the release of Royalists. In the Provisional Government that ensued, he was reappointed Préfet de Police, and in that capacity signed the order for hauling down the statue of Napoleon from the column in the Place Vendôme, which is indorsed, in his handwriting, "*A exécuter sur le champ.*" Should it be alleged that he took this step to prevent the threatened destruction of the column, we reply that he might with equal reason have signed an order for pulling down the bridge of Jena because Blücher had threatened to blow it up.

Under the first Restoration, Pasquier was Director of *Ponts et Chaussées*. During the Hundred Days, instead of qualifying to exclaim with his friend Guizot, "*Oui, j'ai été à Gand,*" he kept his ground, and (according to Thibeaudeau) offered his services to the Emperor, by whom they were contemptuously declined. At the second Restoration, he became one of the indispensables, and, except when he was President of the Chamber, was a member of every succeeding Cabinet till 1822. There was a period, after the resignation

of Decazes, when he was regarded as virtually the chief. He had been elected Deputy for Paris in 1816, and, to maintain his position in the Chamber, must have possessed respectable talents for debate. But we find no trace of his logical or rhetorical triumphs in contemporary annals, and his name does not occur amongst the *Orateurs Parlementaires* of Timon. His success (such as it was) and influence were obviously owing to the moderation of his opinions, his conciliating manners, and his tact. He made many friends and no enemies; and the want of glowing admiration and high esteem was compensated by the safer comforts of mediocrity. He had an instinctive prescience of the approaching results of violent Royalist courses, which he uniformly opposed, and to which he owed his temporary eclipse by Villèle. If he did not accelerate or hail the Revolution of July, it could hardly have been unwelcome to one who, like Talleyrand, was wont to receive and bow out (*congédié*) dynasties like a master of the ceremonies. His ready adhesion to the Orleans cause bore speedy and most acceptable fruit:—

"The Chamber of Peers," says Guizot, "was indebted to the Cabinet of 1830 for one thing only—the choice of its President. Revolutions bring about between proper names strange proximities; it was M. Dupont de l'Eure who countersigned, as Keeper of the Seals, the nomination of M. Pasquier to this great post. Like that of M. de Talleyrand to the embassy of London, it was one of those acts of clear-sightedness and political sagacity which the proof and the urgency of the common interest wrest in the first moments of a great crisis from the prejudices and passions of party. Despite of ancient disagreements, of which every day led us to think less, I and my friends looked on M. Pasquier as the man fittest to direct, through the difficult trials that waited it, the important and compromised body at the head of which he was to be placed. He was even fitter for it than we had presumed. During eighteen years he did honour to the Chamber and the Court of Peers as much as to himself by the skill, the dignity, the equity, the prudent firmness, and the imperturbable tact that he displayed in presiding over them."

In a preceding page of his Memoirs, M. Guizot acknowledges a debt of gratitude to Pasquier, who gave him his first Ministerial appointment. But we see no reason to dispute the soundness of this eulogy; for the subject of it was endowed with the precise qualities required in a President, and was not likely to be tempted into a running fire of mischievous sarcasms like Dupin, or a series of insolent, arrogant, grossly unfair interruptions like Count Morny. In 1837, the office of Chancellor of France was revived for Pasquier's especial promotion, and in 1844 he was made, at his own earnest solicitation, a Duke. Few who ever heard can have forgotten Lord Melbourne's reply to the Earl who wanted to be made (and was made) a Marquis. "My dear N—, how can you be such a d—d fool?" Pasquier's wish was very generally regarded in the same light, and he tried hard to get Count Mole's consent to be kicked upstairs in the same fashion along with him. Besides this needless and ill-fitting elevation, he had contrived to get elected an Academician—an honour which is not uniformly reserved for the real ornaments of literature or the genuine improvers of language. The Duke and Chancellor had arrived at the mature age of eighty-one when the Monarchy was once more replaced by a Republic, to be followed by an Empire; and to this circumstance, and this alone, we attribute his final retirement from the stage of public life in 1848. He still continued a kind of presidency in his salon, where the tone was as reactionary as was consistent with his calm temper and characteristic prudence. He was also famous for his dinners, and paid the most discriminating personal attention to his *cuisine*, maintaining (in defiance of Cornaro) that a refined and cultivated indulgence in the pleasures of the table tended to prolong life.

He died surrounded by all that (in common parlance) should accompany old age; yet we are irresistibly reminded of Swift's remark when people were talking of a fine old man—"There is no such thing. If his head or heart had been worth anything, they would have worn him out long ago." Goethe, Fleury, and Fontenelle, with some striking living examples, may be cited against the theory, but there is truth at the bottom of it. A man who, playing a prominent part in troubled times, survives to past ninety with accumulated honours and unimpaired faculties, can have suffered from no strong passion, no wearing sensibility, no intense sense of right and wrong, no "hate of folly," and no "scorn of fools." He would never be heard asking, with the Dean of St. Patrick's, "Do not the corruptions and villanies of men eat your flesh and exhaust your spirits?" He breathed a lower atmosphere than that of lofty thought, generous impulse, and self-sacrificing earnestness:—

Virtue he found too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

In fact, to bring before us a living breathing image of this class of character and its opposite, we have only to recall the trial of Montalembert before the Chamber of Peers in 1831, and compare the veteran time-server in the Presidential chair with the young, eloquent, and impassioned advocate for liberty and progress at the bar. Such men as Pasquier may serve occasionally, like the buffers of railway carriages, to prevent dangerous collisions; but we trust never to see them held up as objects of envy to those amongst us who have run their race—still less as objects of imitation to our youth.

PEACEMAKERS.

WHATEVER may be the case with other nations, it is to be feared that family politics are the heritage of a very large proportion of English householders. If the men were left to themselves, it is probable that they would be content with the outlets to their natural pugnacity which are furnished by the British

Constitution. Unfortunately, by an oversight of our lawgivers, no such vent has been provided for the women. Male irritability is drawn off by parochial and general politics. The most combative of men is satisfied with stirring up the parish against the parson, or agitating against the local Board of Health. When he has exhausted his patriotism and his bile in these achievements, he returns a docile and peaceable paterfamilias to his own fireside. But when the same native combativeness begins to stir the female bosom, there is no such conductor to discharge it. If she be mistress of a household, a certain proportion of it may be devoted to the housemaids. But after a time she finds this resource improvident and troublesome in its results; and if she be not the mistress of a household, of course it has never been available. Nothing remains for her then but a little family politics. She must find out that somebody has affronted her by saying or doing something, or neglecting to say or do something else. Or, what is better still, because it looks more disinterested, she may find out that her husband or brother has been affronted. Having made the discovery, it naturally furnishes her with a subject of constant reflection and observation. She detects new points in the affront, observes particulars confirming her previous views, ingeniously constructs irritating theories thereupon, and altogether finds materials for a constant flow of agreeable and stimulating conversation. After a time, the sluggish males to whom it is her fortune to be linked by blood or marriage, and who pooh-poohed her grievances at first, begin at last to exhibit the results of the caustic treatment which is being constantly applied. A family grievance is set up, and forms a favourite topic of conversation. The same process, meanwhile, is going on on the side of the alleged affronted; and a raw is established which a very little further treatment on the same principles inflames into an open quarrel.

But a family quarrel of itself would furnish but a poor employment for female energies. It is made so soon and so easily, that if that were their only resource, household politicians would be internally devoured by their own unemployed pugnacity. A moderately active-minded woman could easily make one family quarrel every half-year, and it is obvious, therefore, that her occupation would soon fail for want of material. But it is just to the sex to say that quarrelling is not the main occupation of household politicians. Peace-making is the employment which all the more energetic characters prefer. It sounds better, is more agreeable to the conscience, and gives opportunities for an amount of meddling which would be indecent if the meddler were not bound upon an errand of peace. The result in both cases comes very nearly to the same thing. Both the quarreller and the peacemaker leave a standing family feud behind them. But while the quarreller is universally reprobated, the peacemaker enjoys the various privileges and amusements of interference just as much, and is admired into the bargain. "Poor thing! it was not her fault: she did her best!" is the comment of her friends. "A well-meaning woman, but perhaps a little indiscreet," is the worst her severest censurer can say of her.

Peacemaking is a profession which admits of being followed according to various methods. The essence of it is "talking over;" but the talking over may be practised with various degrees of delicacy. The coarse, ordinary peacemaker prefers a general audience. She is constantly bringing the *casus belli* under the consideration of a family council. Those evenings at home which form the charm of English domestic life, when men and women work, are the great scene of her activity. She then feels herself under the painful obligation of enlightening every new-comer upon all the details of the melancholy case; and the new-comer cannot fail to be touched with the tender sorrow with which she explains all the faults that the various parties to the quarrel have committed, and the pious resignation with which, from a knowledge of their characters, she despairs of a reconciliation. If one of the said parties be present, she contents herself with abstract eulogies upon the virtue of Christian charity, or disquisitions upon the advantages which would result to society if everybody would always acknowledge when they had done wrong. If the object of these general statements should be tempted into the display of a slight irritation, she remarks plaintively upon the natural corruption of the human heart, and fortifies her observations with a copious array of texts of a pungent character.

This kind of peacemaker will do a good deal towards embittering a quarrel. But the *tête-à-tête* peacemaker is both more refined in her tactics and more formidable in her achievements. She is a woman of ready sympathy, and having borne sorrow herself, knows how to console others. When a slight asperity is beginning to show itself between two members of a family, she comes between them, like an angel of peace. She contrives private interviews with each in turn, in which she softly encourages them to dwell upon their grievances. She is too tender of heart to contradict them. Nay, in the effusion of her boundless sympathy, she falls into all their humours, rather strengthening their expressions as she does so. The process is not unpleasant to the victims of it, and they eagerly seek to repeat it. They bring to her each fresh grievance against each other, sure of the welcome of a sympathetic heart. In the interests of peace, she will constantly suggest some explanation of the other's conduct; but, somehow or other, the explanation is always more irritating than the original offence. In spite of her exhortations to peace, the quarrel grows in warmth, and, when it has become irreparable, she confides to her friends that no one knows what she underwent in trying to set it right. In the mean time she has enjoyed the gratification of being the centre of a system of

obedient and grateful confidants. In truth, the peacemaker is so happy in her vocation that she cannot bear to be unemployed. If by any perversity of fate none of her relatives will quarrel, she will just get up a difference of opinion in order that she may have the pleasure of bringing matters straight again. In pure simplicity of heart she shows to Smith a letter she has received from Jones, and which contains some careless remarks on some portion of Smith's conduct, and then she entreates him to let her explain the matter to Jones, so that all misunderstanding between two such excellent people may be removed. Smith gives the explanation with a testy expression of impatience. Forthwith, she makes an appointment to meet Jones. All interruption is carefully provided against, and she sits down for a long morning's confabulation upon this important question. She cautiously explains to Jones how his observations upon Smith have got round to him accidentally, and that Smith is fearfully angry; and she implores Jones, for the sake of peace, to let her carry some explanation of his remarks to Smith. Two days afterwards, she contrives a quiet walk with Smith, in which she tries to impress upon him the difficulty of the position into which he has got himself with Jones, and the extreme likelihood of a quarrel, and implores him not to irritate Jones's ungovernable temper. By this time Smith and Jones have got to look coolly at each other. After another month of this manipulation they avoid each other; and at the end of two months they are at deadly feud. Then the peacemaker is in her element. She must manage interviews with each, of which the other shall know nothing. She must have mysterious correspondences, which she copies and docket, and shows to a friend, with a modest hint of the difficulties she has gone through, and the skill she has displayed. She has oracular conversations with the relatives of the two victims, in which she darkly intimates how much they owe to her. She is beside herself with terror lest the two should meet, and contrives little intrigues for keeping them apart. She ostentatiously runs off to keep mysterious appointments. She professes that she has not a moment to herself, and that her health is giving way; but she knows she is doing her duty, and the reflection that "Blessed are the peacemakers," keeps her up.

The world we live in is a very tolerable one, and would be even a fairly good world if there were no well-meaning people in it. But the two plagues under which we suffer in these latter days are peacemakers and martyrs. Martyrdom is the parent of most of our public troubles, and peacemaking of our private troubles. In the political world, things go on smoothly enough till some one has discovered a principle for which (if necessary) he will die, but for which (practically) he only intends to be talked of in the newspapers. In private, we go on happily enough, and heal our chance quarrels by the natural curative of time, until some peacemaker comes in by constant discussion to engrave our grievances ineffaceably upon our minds. Both are admirable for their good intentions, and very possibly of a saintly character. But, if both could change a slice of saintliness for a slice of worldly wisdom, it would be of no small advantage—if not to themselves, at least to those among whom they live.

THE OXFORD PROFESSORiate.

IT is now ten years since the Oxford University Commission presented its report. That commission had been appointed for the purpose of considering in what way the vitality till then exclusively enjoyed by a few colleges might be communicated to the whole University, and the first place in their list of remedies was given to the abolition of the existing restrictions on the election of fellows. But the second place was not less emphatically assigned to the institution of a working professoriate. The latter change was to be the complement of the former. It was expected that the most obscure college, when once released from the antiquated rules which confined its choice to the inhabitants of a particular county or the pupils of a particular school, would be able to make ample provision for the more formal teaching of the place. But something was needed besides mere formal teaching. It was, indeed, probable that of the men who achieved the greatest success as tutors, some would always be men of genius, and many inspired with an enthusiastic devotion for studies upon which their ability would enable them to throw new light. But it was felt that the reputation of Oxford, as a place of learning, should not be left exclusively in the hands of men hampered with the special care of pupils, and obliged to concentrate nearly the whole of their attention on temporary interests. It was felt that, in the midst of the bustle of teaching, there should be some who could study calmly, and that there should be in Oxford at least one able man charged with the special cultivation of each department of science and literature. The Commission, too, refused to recommend, in the case of tutors, the abolition of the condition of celibacy, and it was obviously undesirable that the University should scarcely possess a single student who could look upon Oxford as his permanent home. It had long been observed that the great prizes of the other professions drew away most of the ablest men from Oxford, and the extension of the professoriate promised to increase the number of those who remained behind, by affording the most distinguished of those who devoted themselves to the work of the place a fair chance of achieving positions the importance and congeniality of which would be a compensation for the insignificance of their pecuniary value. Influenced by such considerations as these, the Commissioners recommended that, by the suppression of a certain number of fellowships, new professor-

ships should be founded, and the existing professorships further endowed. In this way it was hoped that the University might be provided with a body of men holding their offices for life—not, like the tutors, almost exclusively engaged in preparing pupils for the examinations of the place, but enjoying comparative leisure—and also, like some of them, possessing great knowledge, an honest love of their subject, and special aptitude for its study; if possible, men of genius and eloquence, but at least able to speak to their contemporaries with authority on the special subjects to which they should devote themselves.

We need scarcely say why we have recurred at this time to the views of the men who are responsible for the reconstruction of the Oxford professoriate. A fortnight has elapsed since the appointment of the Chichele Professor of Modern History, but the astonishment and grief which it produced among the friends of Oxford and of learning have scarcely abated. The Chichele Professorship is one of those that have been founded out of College funds in pursuance of the recommendations of the Commission. It would have been strange if there had been no eminent men among the candidates for such a chair. At least one distinguished historian, and at least one brilliant essayist, were glad to offer themselves for the honourable position enjoyed by an Oxford professor; and there was at least one student who might justly have looked upon one of the most lucrative chairs in the University as a fair reward for the devotion of many years to the successful study of the monuments of early history. It was thus in the power of the electors to encourage the independent exertions of Oxford students, and to do something to check the emigration of able men from Oxford by giving the prize to a man who was himself an able and laborious Oxford student; or they might have adopted the alternative of conferring lustre on Oxford by restoring to it a man who, however false may be the canons by which he permits his historical judgment to be guided, is at least master of a beautiful style, an indefatigable student, and a man qualified even by his errors to give an impulse to the study of history. But the electors would have none of these. They preferred to take out of the number of Oxford "coaches" a man very young in University standing, and who had not only given no proof of his fitness for the post, but had given the most satisfactory proof of the contrary. "It is very necessary to the progression of sciences," says Lord Bacon, "that lecturers in every sort be of the most able and sufficient men, as those who are ordained not for transitory use, but for keeping up the race and succession of knowledge from age to age." If any one is desirous to know to which of these classes the gentleman belongs on whom the choice of the electors has fallen, he has only to refer to a book which the electors to the chair of modern history should at least have opened before they appointed Mr. Montagu Burrows. "Pass and Class," the only book the new Professor has yet given to the world, is a little handbook of advice to people who wish to "get firsts." It combines with the sort of advice as to the choice of books which a tutor would give his pupil in the first hour of their intercourse, a number of very feeble remarks on the books themselves, and the suggestion of some rather ignoble tricks to be used in reading them. There is, indeed, nothing in "Pass and Class" to show that Mr. Burrows is unlikely to be an efficient "coach" for a school in which a high standard has not yet been reached, and it is said that the new Professor's pupils have been successful in the school of modern history. But there is ample evidence on every page of the book that its writer is not a man either to study history judiciously himself, or to create an enthusiasm for it in others. Ingenious devices for the propitiation of examiners are commodities of little or no intrinsic value; but they command, and always will command, a definite price in the market, and so long as a man is able to supply them, there is no doubt that he will be amply rewarded. Indeed, there is no doubt that his friends might have safely left the support of Mr. Burrows to be provided for by the operation of the law of supply and demand. We are glad, however, in spite of the extremely bad impression left on our mind by his book, to believe that Mr. Burrows is able to render really valuable assistance to his pupils. Still the question remains to be answered—Was Oxford revolutionized, were six Fellowships suppressed at All Souls, and are many more to be suppressed at other Colleges, merely in order that popular and successful tutors, without the pretence of possessing either special knowledge or the capacity of acquiring it—without either the enthusiasm or the eloquence, or the profundity, or the venerable acquirements declared by the Commission to be the qualities required in professors—should receive the rank and emoluments of professors, and stand forth to the world as the men whom England places in the chairs that in Germany would have been occupied by a Niebuhr and a Mömmsen?

The objections to the recent appointment were so obvious that the slightest inquiry would have made the electors aware of them. It is clear, then, that each of the electors has been guilty of a gross neglect of duty. But, at the same time, it was only to be expected that such a body would elect the wrong man, and now that they have done so it is next to impossible to make the public indignation flow forth against them with anything like the force it ought to possess. How is a man to feel angry at the same moment, and on the same grounds, with people he is so little in the habit of associating together as the Lord Chancellor and the Warden of All Souls, the Foreign Secretary and the Primate? It is, indeed, difficult to see why they were selected, except as representing different kinds of official eminence. These men were brought together from different quarters for no other purpose than to elect a Chichele Professor, and

when they had fulfilled their task their corporate existence ceased. We cannot, even in imagination, restore that corporate existence sufficiently to enable the body to receive as a whole the condemnation it deserves; and, taken separately, each of its members leans on the others. It was natural for the Cabinet Minister to trust the special knowledge of the Warden, and it was natural for the Warden to consider that when so great a personage as the Cabinet Minister acquiesced in what he had suggested, he was relieved of all responsibility in the matter. We do not of course know how it was. Perhaps some one else suggested that Mr. Burrows was the right man; perhaps the busier electors were eager to turn to more important matters, and thought it at once the safest and the least troublesome course to elect the man whose name came first, and who was least known. Anyhow, this, or something like this, is the way in which such ill-assorted bodies are sure to act. Of course it sometimes happens that boards of this kind elect the right man. Even Convocation has been known to avoid mistakes into which it might have fallen. For our own part, indeed, we are tempted at this moment to prefer Convocation, for Convocation is at least a definite body, enjoying a continuous existence, and so large that it cannot keep secrets. And, accordingly, when Convocation does wrong, there is not only a clearly defined class for us to censure, but we are even able to detect and denounce the motives which led it into error. But this oddly contrived board is practically beyond the reach of censure; and as to its motives, it is only possible to guess whether it was the influence of a private intrigue, or the policy of ecclesiastical plotters, or the carelessness of an irresponsible body, that prompted their discreditible choice.

After such a startling breach of trust as that on which we are now commenting, it is, we hope, not improbable that all who care for the efficiency of the University, whether in or out of Oxford, will exert themselves to secure a change in the way in which the great places in the Professoriate are filled. There ought to be such a mode of election that a thoroughly bad appointment would be impossible. We are sure that such a mode of election is to be found, and the disheartening apathy which has permitted the appointment of so many professors to remain in the hands of Convocation, in spite of its condemnation as an electoral body by the Royal Commission, is to be attributed not so much to the difficulty of finding an alternative as to the weakness of the party of reform in Oxford, and its want of support in the country. The opinion of the incompetence of Convocation is scarcely less general than that of the excellence of Crown appointments; and indeed, few Ministers would in these days venture to make an appointment for which something could not be said. But the University is unwisely jealous of the interference of Government in its affairs, and accordingly, while no appointments have been yet taken away from Convocation, a compromise has been adopted in the creation of boards for the election of professors to the newly-endowed chairs. The influence of the Crown is supposed to be represented on these boards by the presence of a few great officers of State—that of the University by the presence of one or two of its Heads of Houses. Notwithstanding the excellent choice occasionally made by these boards, and the distinguished succession of Savilian professors elected in a similar manner, the division of responsibility in this, as in every other case, cannot fail to leave room for intrigue. If the University is willing to sacrifice its prejudices for the sake of good appointments, no doubt it will have its reward, but no good can come of the half measure of taking two or three Ministers into partnership with the Head of a House. Let the Ministers have the whole credit or discredit of the appointment to be made, and, for the sake of the Ministry, they will take pains to make a good one. In default of Crown appointments, it is difficult to see why confidence should not be placed in individuals or boards, without personal bias, but not without a bias in favour of the successful prosecution of the study to which the Professor is to devote himself. The election of the Professor of Botany has always been in the hands of the College of Physicians, and the Professors of Botany have almost always been distinguished men. Why should not the Professors of Greek in Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham choose the Professor of Latin? Why should not the Professor of Anatomy be appointed by the College of Surgeons, and the Professors of Geometry and Astronomy by the Royal Society?

We are extremely sorry to have been obliged to speak unkindly of a respectable gentleman, of whom we know nothing worse than that he has written the very indifferent book to which we have referred. But the University of Oxford unfortunately does not yet possess that hold on the affections or the acknowledged interests of the public which would make it an easy matter to prevent the repetition of such an appointment as that which has brought Mr. Burrows into notice. A political job of equal magnitude would call down on its perpetrators the indignation of the whole community; but some persons seem to flatter themselves, not without reason, that an offence of this character may be committed with impunity when it is the University only that suffers. It is, therefore, all the more incumbent upon the friends the University possesses to speak the truth plainly. At the same time, it often happens that the real merits of men are overlooked when some special circumstance has brought their deficiencies into prominence. It should not be forgotten that, before his recent elevation, the Chichele Professor enjoyed the reputation of an industrious private tutor. We think his appointment in every way most unfortunate, but we are far from doubting that he will find useful work in connexion with his chair, which he will be able to do excellently well.

THE YELVERTON CASE.

IN the case tried at Dublin in March 1861, "Thelwall v. Yelverton," the validity of the various marriages or fictitious marriages which took place between Miss Theresa Longworth and the Honourable Major Yelverton was only indirectly before the Court. The plaintiff might probably have recovered in an action for the board and lodging of an alleged wife upon very slender evidence. Mere repute might have been enough. It is true that the Irish jury did not only find that Mr. Thelwall had sufficient grounds for trusting a lady who might be Mrs. Yelverton with goods to the value of 200*l.*, which he was entitled to recover from Major Yelverton, but they also found that Major Yelverton was a Roman Catholic at the time of the ceremony celebrated by Father Mooney, and further, that there had been a good Scotch marriage between Major Yelverton and Miss Longworth prior to this ceremony. Chief Justice Monaghan, however, in his charge expressed considerable doubts on the whole subject of Scotch marriages. He "really wished that the Legislature would interfere to regulate these Scotch marriages, because they certainly leave us here in a great mass of confusion. We really don't know what to make of them." It is probable that the Dublin jury were at least equally confused with the learned Chief Justice; but though the jury were assisted by the opinions of two learned Scotch advocates, Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Patterson, they did not trouble their heads about so intricate a matter. They acted upon high, chivalrous, sentimental feelings, which could not be expected to condescend to tedious inquiries as to the exact force of the contract *per verba de presenti*. What was really before the Irish jury was a man, cold-hearted, selfish, and profligate, who had been turned inside out by as severe and unfair a cross-examination as any on record, and a woman of remarkable powers and address, whose appeal, reiterated through a ten days' trial, was obviously to feeling rather than to law. Very little evidence was required to convince gentlemen who could be satisfied with the proof offered at Dublin that Major Yelverton was a Roman Catholic. But at the very moment of Miss Longworth's success, and before the wild frenzy of congratulation with which she was saluted had subsided, clearer and cooler bystanders felt that, if the real issue were brought before a calm judicial mind to whom a Mr. Whiteside or a Sergeant Buzfuz would present no terrors, the opposite result was not very improbable. Mr. Brewster, Major Yelverton's counsel on the Irish trial, tendered exceptions to the effect that, in regard to the Scotch marriage, the contract was not in writing, that the reading the service of the Church of England by the parties, without a witness, was not a valid Scotch marriage—and further, that the contract *per verba de presenti* required a consent final, absolute, and unconditional, without relation to any further ceremony such as the alleged Irish marriage by Mr. Mooney. These objections have just been argued in Dublin, and the Court was divided on their validity. The result, however, is a curious conflict not only of judicial minds, and of judicial calmness and discretion, but of law and fact. The Irish—eminently Irish—verdict remains undisturbed, and that verdict settled that Theresa Longworth is Theresa Yelverton. In Scotland, the Lord Ordinary has decided that Theresa Longworth is Theresa Longworth still. In other words, the lady is a lawful married wife in Dublin, and a spinster in Edinburgh. In England, the judgment, not of a Court, but of society, is disposed to treat the fair object of all current talk as something between wifehood and spinsterhood, both and neither at once.

In the Scotch Court the whole matter was argued *de novo*. The direct issue was raised on the validity of the Edinburgh marriage, and a judgment has been pronounced by Lord Ardmillan on a suit, as we should call it of promotion of marriage, on two cross-actions—first a "Declarator of Marriage at the instance of Miss Longworth against Major Yelverton," and next a "Declarator of Freedom and putting to Silence, at the instance of Major Yelverton against Miss Longworth." The "Interlocutor"—the judgment, as we should say—is simple enough. Miss Longworth has not instructed—that is, proved—that she is the wife of said defendant. Consequently she loses both actions, and is condemned in the costs of both. The "note" in which this judgment is given by Lord Ardmillan is of great length and singular clearness, and of such importance, even apart from this remarkable case, that it deserves very attentive study. The essence of a marriage, according to the law of Scotland, may be summarily stated to consist in consent. Lord Ardmillan puts this in the most elementary form. "Marriage is a consensual contract. Consent alone, if freely, seriously, and deliberately given, constitutes marriage. The interchange of mutual consent is sufficient." The celebration of marriage by a religious ceremony is most important as proving such consent—so is verbal declaration before witnesses—so are written acknowledgments of marriage. But all these are only important as arguing consent—they are not of the essence of marriage itself. And further cohabitation, or *copula* following upon promise legally proved, constitutes marriage, on the presumption that the promise passed into mutual consent by cohabitation. The question, therefore, at issue in the Yelverton case was this:—Was there, in both parties, a serious and deliberate consent and mutual intention to enter into the marriage contract? Was there proof of any promise to marry on the part of Major Yelverton *subsequent copula*? And, lastly, was there any such cohabitation as husband and wife—any such habit and repute, for example—as that they addressed each other as married persons, and were openly and commonly treated as husband and wife? To satisfy himself on

these several heads Lord Ardmillan examines with the greatest minuteness the facts of this memorable case, which can scarcely have been forgotten by our readers.

Miss Longworth's case, put summarily, was this. That Major Yelverton promised and engaged to marry her at Galata; that he proposed a private marriage in the Crimea, to which she would not assent; that subsequently at Edinburgh this promise of a private marriage was renewed; that with a view to this private marriage according to the Scotch law, they read together the Church of England marriage service; but that even this did not satisfy her conscientious scruples as a sincere Roman Catholic—that she still refused to treat Major Yelverton as her husband till after a marriage by a Mr. Mooney at Rosstrevor. This story must be taken as a whole. Lord Ardmillan decides that there is no proof whatever of any promise or intention on Major Yelverton's part, throughout the correspondence, to marry Miss Longworth. On the contrary, the lady is the pursuer from the very first. The letters after the meetings at Galata and on board the steamer are not those of persons whose troth had been plighted, which, according to the lady's story, was their position; but, on her part, the language was warm, impassioned, and uncontrolled, while the gentleman wrote like a man conscious of a passion which was difficult to control, but which might lead to dangerous consequences. With whatever coarse and unfeeling explicitness he afterwards referred to a mere *liaison*, at first Major Yelverton tried to keep both his own and his correspondent's eyes open. As the judge tersely puts it, Marriage is never mentioned by the parties. The one had or looked to a plan for satisfying her conscience, and yet leaving the other free, while the gentleman's line was, "I cannot marry you; I will not ruin you." The sum and substance of the famous correspondence is that it consists of the love-letters of two persons who had been attracted by each other, who had had a few perilous meetings, and had written scores of extraordinary letters—who had "thought of marriage perhaps, but who had also thought of love without marriage, and intercourse without wedlock." So far, then, as their adventures in the East range, there was neither promise of marriage nor mutual consent and intention to marry.

They now meet in Edinburgh. Here, according to Miss Longworth, the mutual promise and consent constituting a valid Scotch marriage was formally made. Lord Ardmillan decides that there is no reliable evidence of any sort produced by Miss Longworth on this "vital" point. Miss Macfarlane, who "was in the next room and might have heard all that was said," did not remember that reading of the Church Service on which Miss Longworth insists. As to her assertion that subsequently to this promise and consent at Edinburgh—and as she would have it, this Scotch marriage—she refused to cohabit with "her husband," Lord Ardmillan dismisses it at once. Her letters are not the letters of a person in such a position. Then as to the Irish chapter in this strange history. The parties meet towards the end of July, and it was not till the 15th of August that the Irish marriage took place. In the meantime, during this interval of fourteen days, according to the testimony of ten or eleven witnesses, the pair lived together as husband and wife—Miss Longworth's statement being that, up to the hour of the Irish marriage, their intercourse had been regulated by the ordinary rules of honourable and unmarried propriety. This fact, as proved in evidence, Lord Ardmillan considers to be of the most serious importance. It is directly contrary to Miss Longworth's whole theory; and it will be remembered that it was considered of the highest consequence at the Irish trial. It was in connexion with this matter that Miss Crabbe's apparition "at several different times when confusion appears to have been desired, and which is so painful a feature in the case," and which told so well on the Dublin jury, was introduced. "It was essential to Miss Longworth's case to prove that she entered the chapel at Rosstrevor a pure and innocent woman." That the opposite "fact has been proved" is Lord Ardmillan's conclusion. And he holds that all the lady intended by this Irish marriage was that which she all along had in view—"an arrangement"—something to satisfy her scruples, and yet to leave Major Yelverton free. To give this gentleman only the credit which is his due, hypocrisy is a sin with which he cannot fairly be charged. He never meant to marry—he never even pretended that he meant to marry—he seems to have studied both the Scotch and Irish marriage laws for the very purpose of keeping himself on the safe side of wedlock; and we can almost fancy him getting up all the legal pitfalls which attend fervid youth across the border for the express object of avoiding them and picking his steps warily over the dangerous bogs of promise and repute matrimonial. He never stated or admitted that there had been a previous marriage, because he was aware, and had taken especial care, that, in point of fact, there had been no such marriage; and of the Irish law which forbids such a marriage under such circumstances, between Protestant and Catholic, the heir to an Irish peerage was not likely to be ignorant, or to mistake the value of his knowledge. In his view, if not in Miss Longworth's, the whole proceeding at Rosstrevor was a mere farce and idle mockery, and the vows exchanged were known not to be binding.

As to the rest of the history, and the cohabitation in Scotland, England, and France, it is only important as bearing on Miss Longworth's plea that subsequently to this date she received the real status of a wife; and that, though the marriage was to be kept quiet, the cohabitation was nuptial, and that, in repeated instances, more especially at Mr. Thelwall's at Hull, she was

acknowledged to be Major Yelverton's wife. Lord Ardmillan drily observes that throughout this branch of her correspondence "there is not one letter in which Major Yelverton addresses the pursuer as his wife, or subscribes himself as her husband; not one letter in which the pursuer addresses him as her husband, or subscribes herself as his wife." Though, on several occasions, the parties represented themselves as husband and wife, this is held by the Court to have been only for travelling purposes and to avoid scandal. The married name was assumed—alternately, however, when it suited another purpose, with the lady's maiden name—only to procure a passport and admission to inns and lodgings, but not so as to create or invite a general belief and repute of marriage.

If we may be permitted to epitomize Lord Ardmillan's conclusions, they are these:—No express promise of marriage has been proved. There is no written evidence of any promise or intention to marry on Major Yelverton's part. Major Yelverton, to a great extent, resisted, at least for some time, the lady's advances, avoided any promises, and even gave hints that he could not marry, and that they were best apart. Not from any one of his letters, nor from all his letters, read with the aid of all the facts, can such a promise as the Scotch law requires be extracted. Nor has any intercourse on the faith of such promise been proved. Nor is the Irish ceremony other than an unmeaning form, the alleged Roman Catholic marriage being in law null and void. That Major Yelverton was, at the time of its celebration, a Roman Catholic, cannot be seriously maintained for an instant. Nor was the subsequent cohabitation such as to create, nor was it intended to create, a general belief of marriage. On every point, therefore, the judgment is against Miss Longworth; and, pending an appeal both to a superior Scottish Court and to the House of Lords, which is already entered, we content ourselves with detailing the grounds of the present judgment, which we must say throw a very vivid light on the Scotch Law of Marriage.

We have, on the occasion of the Irish trial, expressed ourselves at some length on the moral and personal bearings of the case. For the present, its legal aspect is most important; but, partly because it repeats, not the substance, but the general tone of the opinion which in 1861 we formed on the case—an opinion, by the way, in which we then stood nearly alone—we may conclude with Lord Ardmillan's own conclusion on this melancholy and miserable history:—

For the conduct of the Defender there can be no excuse. But he was not the seeker, the seducer, or the betrayer of the Pursuer. The story of the Pursuer—her charms, her talent, her misfortune,—even the intense and persevering devotedness of the passion by which she was impelled—must excite interest, pity, and sympathy. But she was no mere girl—no simpleton,—no stranger to the ways of the world,—no victim to insidious arts. She was not deceived. She fell with her own consent.

DOCKYARD ACCOMMODATION.

IF anything were needed to prove how entirely the Admiralty depends for its motive power on the incessant demands of the public, it would be enough to refer to the utterly inadequate means which are available for the repair of the Navy. We have seen something done towards securing a supply of seamen, because the want of a reserve became so apparent as to rouse the attention of the whole country. At another time, the numerical disproportion of our fleet to those of other countries seemed to endanger our supremacy even in the Channel itself. The Admiralty was attacked from all sides, and, as usual, it confessed its shortcomings and began to apply a remedy. The acceptance of the new principle of casing ships of war with defensive armour cost the Board a harder struggle, and it was only after sustaining a siege with unexampled obstinacy, and wasting years of precious time, that the Admiralty once more capitulated to public opinion. There remains one fatal defect in our naval preparations which has not received its due share of attention outside the Board, and has consequently been treated with utter indifference by the case-hardened veterans who hold the fortress of the Admiralty. Men and ships, and, above all, iron ships, are necessities obvious enough even to landmen; but a moment's consideration is enough to show that docks and basins where our fleet can be equipped and repaired are not a whit less essential to the maintenance of our maritime ascendancy. We are very glad, therefore, that Admiral Denman has called attention to the subject in a pamphlet, which will disturb the serene repose even of the Lords of the Admiralty. The recent debate upon the subject proved how little it had been generally understood and appreciated. With unflinching tact, Lord C. Paget perceived that he might safely assume an amount of ignorance in the public which he never ventures to count upon when the most difficult problems of naval architecture and gunnery are under discussion. With a placid confidence, which succeeded admirably in deluding the House of Commons, the Secretary to the Admiralty declared that, on a calm review, there was no cause for alarm as to any evil results to the efficiency of the fleet in time of war from the want of dock and basin accommodation.

This pleasant assurance contrasts so strikingly with the evidence of Admiral Robinson before the Chatham Committee that it is difficult to receive it with entire confidence. What Admiral Robinson says commends itself at once to common sense. He does not hesitate to declare that the country which, by its superiority in docks and basins, can first repair its ships after a naval engagement, will thereby double its force. One ship, with proper dock and basin accommodation, becomes equivalent to two. And to this he

adds that our position is exactly the reverse of what it should be, other countries having precisely that power of doubling their force over and above what we possess.

With such contradictory statements from officials who ought to be equally well informed, it is some satisfaction, though rather a gloomy one, to have the true state of the case fairly put before us on professional testimony which will be universally accepted as impartial. Admiral Denman grapples with the issue which is thus raised within the sacred precincts of the Admiralty, and the facts and figures to which he appeals leave it beyond a doubt that the comforting assurance of Lord Clarence Paget was nothing better than a pleasant delusion.

The truth is, that all sailors know, and the public ought also to know (if any improvement is ever to be looked for), that the condition of the dockyards is perilous in the extreme. This could scarcely have been otherwise. We had never too many docks, and for years we have been enlarging our first-class vessels, until there is scarcely a dock in the United Kingdom where they can be placed for repair. To a certain extent, Lord Clarence admitted the deficiency of dock accommodation, but with considerable (and for the moment successful) boldness he declared that the natural basins of Portsmouth and Plymouth made up in great measure for the superiority of the artificial basins and docks of France. The value of this boasted accommodation may be gathered from Admiral Denman's more accurate statement. The accommodation for refitting alongside the quays of Portsmouth Harbour amounts simply to this, that one of the large iron-plated ships in sea-going condition, and no more, can lie alongside the dockyard wall. When some alterations now in progress are completed, there will be room for four or five more ships, and, as Plymouth Harbour is too shallow to allow vessels of the *Warrior* class to lie alongside the quay, the basin accommodation at Portsmouth is almost all the set-off we possess against the large artificial basins at Cherbourg, and the fine natural harbour at Brest, the existence of which Lord Clarence thought it safe to ignore.

By an ingeniously obscure statement, in which the old floating batteries are classed with the fleet of sea-going ironclads, Lord Clarence conveyed the impression that there would soon be as many as seventeen docks fit for the accommodation of our iron fleet. The truth, as Admiral Denman explains, is that it is only the small floating batteries which could be received in the greater number of these seventeen docks, while for the first-class frigates which must form the principal part of our future fleet, there is but a single dock of sufficient length and depth. Even this can only be entered at spring tides, and if a number of large ships were more or less injured in a naval battle, they would have to lie at Spithead idle and helpless, until their turn came one after another to enjoy the accommodation which Portsmouth can provide. France at the same time has six docks of the largest size always available at Cherbourg, without reckoning the large and increasing accommodation at other ports.

A makeshift contrivance at Portsmouth will furnish the means of receiving a second ship, and two more docks on a similar scale are tardily progressing at Devonport and Keyham. One need not be a sailor to perceive the dangerous insufficiency of such accommodation as this. The long period during which one Government after another has shrunk from grappling with the difficulty has left an accumulated amount of work to be done which will entail a very formidable outlay. For the present, Lord Palmerston's Cabinet is no better than its predecessors, and from the tone of Lord Clarence's speech it is evident that the order had gone forth that no further expense should be incurred for any purpose, however vital its importance. Under other circumstances, the Secretary to the Admiralty could no doubt have dilated on the real peril of leaving the Navy unprovided with the means of refitting, but so supple an orator had no difficulty in conforming his principles to the convenience of the hour just as he advised the House of Commons to consider the enormous expense of docks and basins, and conform their wants to the necessities of the moment. To a certain extent, there is wisdom in husbanding the resources of the country in time of peace; but it is in those branches of outlay which may be reduced and increased at will that such a maxim finds its proper scope. No one would recommend that the building of permanent forts should be postponed until the day when an attack is expected; and to construct a dock is almost as tedious an affair as to plant a fortress on the shoals of Spithead. The creation of adequate dock and basin accommodation must be the work of years; and when the necessity is made out as clearly as it is by Admiral Denman's pamphlet, it is no answer to say that financial considerations must outweigh the importance of making provision for a time of war. Even in peace, it is notorious that ships requiring repairs are almost always kept waiting until some dock is vacated by an earlier tenant; and when war doubles or quadruples the demand for space, it is easy to foresee how completely the navy will be crippled for want of the appliances which are essential to keep it in a state of efficiency.

The truth of the case is neither more nor less than this—that until we are provided with resources as necessary as the ships themselves, the fleets that we are building will be nearly useless. Ships without docks are no better than an army without military stores; and without in the least underrating the great importance of economy, common sense dictates that our outlay should be apportioned among the different requirements so as to keep them in that due relation to each other on which efficiency depends,

even more than on the size of ships or the number of their guns. It is not by stinting absolute necessities, but by preventing waste, that economy can be safely introduced into the Navy Estimates, and Admiral Denman will carry the opinion of the public with him, when he attributes to the system of Naval administration the disproportion which exists between the money that is expended and the results that are obtained. By superior organization, France, with not much more than half our outlay, continues to provide herself both with docks and plated ships more rapidly than England with all her advantages has been able to do; and as Mr. Cobden justly enough remarks in his *Three Panics*, we can scarcely expect the French Minister of Marine to descend to the level of the wasteful mismanagement of our Board of Admiralty, in order to allow us to maintain a fleet of such proportions as will obviate the necessity for the constant pressure by which alone the Admiralty is kept at work. It is not safe to trust to the effect of remonstrances for every requirement of the Navy; and yet it is only by demands too urgent to be resisted that either ships, or men, or docks are ever obtained from the Board to which the interests of the British Navy are confided. Admiral Denman has set himself a hard task in undertaking to bring the Admiralty to some sense of their responsibilities; but we hope he will not slacken his efforts until he has added to the fleet which we possess, the docks and basins, without which it can never be made available in war.

GYMNASTIC TRAINING.

THERE is something, on a superficial view, rather ludicrous in the notion of what is called "an abstract resolution" of the House of Commons in favour of gymnastics. One can easily call to mind several other objects on behalf of which arguments might be advanced to obtain for them the same questionable support. There is, for example, the habit of early rising. Why should not some member in want of occupation undertake to enforce that habit? The old saw—

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise—

might, by the judicious substitution of long words for short ones, be expanded into a resolution of imposing sound. When Lord Elcho talks of "the physical, moral, and economical advantages" of gymnastics, he merely expresses, in accredited Parliamentary phraseology, the very idea which is contained in the second of the foregoing lines. We are sorry to observe that legislators addict themselves to polysyllables in proportion as they shrink from decided action. There was once a member of Parliament who believed in the above quoted proverb, and, believing in it, he did not propose a resolution "that the habit of retiring at an early hour of the night to the couch of slumber, and of quitting that couch at an early hour of the morning, is attended with a great variety of physical, moral, and economical advantages;" but he brought forward the practical suggestion that the House of Commons should do no business after midnight. If Lord Elcho is disposed to imitate this straightforward method of enforcing the opinion which he has adopted, he will submit to the House a motion that "it is expedient for the increase of the bodily as well as the mental aptitudes of members of Parliament for civil as well as for possible military service, that encouragement should be given to the practice of systematized physical training, by the establishment of a gymnasium under competent professors in immediate proximity to the House." As Lord Elcho truly says that a great deal may be done in an hour a week, it would only be necessary to subtract a few minutes from each night's business. The plan adopted should be exactly the same as that which prevails in many schools, where five minutes' active play is found to be an immense relief in the course of three hours' confinement at books and slates. About the middle of every long debate, Mr. Speaker should give the welcome signal by throwing off his wig and flourishing the mace vigorously round his head, after which preliminaries he would lead the way to those parts of the building which should be fitted for gymnastic exercises. It will be idle to pretend that space cannot be afforded for this salutary purpose, because, at any rate, there is the Victoria Tower, which is said to be of very little use as a depository of public records, on account of the difficulty which antiquarians feel in climbing up its steep and narrow staircase. Obviously this difficulty would be a positive recommendation of the Tower for the purpose which we have now in view. The ascent from the bottom to the top of it would be a first stage in the gymnastic exercise. There should be the existing staircase for old and heavy members, while pegs in the wall and a pole and ropes would afford two varieties of ascent for those who, being younger, ought to be more active. There would of course be an assortment of boxing-gloves and clubs for exercising the chest and arms; but it would be necessary, we think, to have a policeman on the premises to keep an eye on any Irish member who might happen to be developing his muscles with one of those clubs in the near neighbourhood of Sir Robert Peel. It would be easy to provide partial compensation for the restraint thus imposed on the natural instinct of Irishmen by setting up a sack of chaff for pummelling, which might be painted into a rude resemblance of the dress and features of the obnoxious baronet. As this exercise of pummelling a sack is highly valued among those who, as Mr. Charles Dickens' Chickens expressed it, "have got to live by their condition," we think

that it might be further encouraged by offering to the assaults of county members an effigy of the hated Gladstone. To know where to have that slippery debater, even in make-believe, would be as grateful to every sound Tory as it was to Mr. Quilp to drill holes with a red hot poker through a wooden admiral. As regards the Irish members, considering that, as Mr. Scully says, they have not had a row this session, we think it would be only justice to the country from which they come if the inconsiderable balance of members who belong to Scotland and England were sometimes to retire from the proposed gymnasium, taking with them the policeman, and leaving the Irish members to have half an hour to themselves among the clubs and dumb-bells. At the expiration of that time, a committee of the House might be appointed to pick up the pieces; and if those pieces should be found to be small and scattered, the countrymen of Lord Elcho would probably console themselves with their native proverb of "mair tint at Flodden."

But, seriously speaking, Lord Elcho's motion deserves all the attention that can be obtained for it; and if he failed to give it a practical application, the reason is obvious. Mr. Lowe was sitting ready to resist any demand which he might make upon the fund which is administered by the Committee of Council on Education, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been at hand, if necessary, to take up the contest with Lord Elcho in defence of the national purse as soon as ever he should have vanquished Mr. Lowe. It would, however, have been quite reasonable to insist that grants ought to be given for the encouragement, among other things, of physical training in schools aided by the State. Lord Elcho is amply borne out by evidence when he says that school-boys who have been drilled are found prompt and punctual by those who employ them afterwards as compared with boys who have not been drilled. It is also true that the same boys become apt, orderly, and obedient in school, and that the drill-sergeant is the schoolmaster's best friend. Further, the naval drill, with mast fully rigged, sails, ropes, and spars, gives both a taste and talent for the naval service, and the general use of this drill in schools would do much to facilitate the production of a class of boys eligible for the navy. It seems wonderful that a proposal which offers so many and such great advantages should be so slowly and grudgingly accepted, but the difficulty of getting officials to do anything which is simple, cheap, and useful, is not a new one. There may, perhaps, be gentlemen, passing for authorities on questions of education, who are great in Bible history and the use of the globes, but who, being what the Chicken of whom we have before spoken would consider "as stiff coves as ever he seed," are insensible to the benefits which gymnastic training would confer upon themselves and others. But happily there are other gentlemen who know and practise what is good for the rich and well-to-do, and desire to provide it for the poor. There are, for instance, the gentlemen of the University of Oxford, who support among them a gymnasium of such high repute that it is regarded as a model for the formation of similar schools in the army. Military men have learned, partly from oft-repeated arguments, and partly from the example of their ever-active and persevering French rivals, to concede to gymnasia some of the consideration which is their due. It is not long ago that some officers of the English army went to Paris to observe and report upon the gymnastic exercises of a select body of French soldiers, and were amazed at what they saw there. They found that the trapeze business was done as easily as "fours right" at home. Really prose is quite inadequate to describe the catlike activity which the men who performed before them possessed, and it is necessary to have recourse to doggrel:—

For, what was still more particular,
They climbed up walls quite perpendicular.

It is sober truth, that a party of French soldiers, with ordinary hands and feet, and without anything visible to hold-on by, clambered up and disappeared over a perpendicular wall, which the astonished English witnesses estimated to be sixteen feet high; and they did this without mounting on each other's backs. Another example of a different kind of the surprising results which may be accomplished by judicious training in gymnastics is furnished by the experience of Mr. Archibald Maclaren, who conducts the gymnasium at Oxford. That gentleman lately stated, in a lecture before the United Service Institution, that the effect of his system upon a party of non-commissioned officers, who were sent to him to qualify as instructors to their regiments, was as follows:—

The muscular additions to the arms and shoulders and the expansion of the chest were so great as to have absolutely a ludicrous and embarrassing result, for before the fourth month several of the men could not get into their uniforms, jackets and tunics, without assistance, and when they had got them on they could not get them to meet down the middle by a hand's breadth. In a month more they could not get into them at all, and new clothing had to be procured, pending the arrival of which the men had to go to and from the gymnasium in their great-coats. One of these men had gained five inches in actual girth of chest.

It is added that there was another change—"the change in bodily activity, dexterity, presence of mind, and endurance of fatigue, a hundredfold more impressive than anything the tape measure or the weighing chair can ever reveal." Mr. Maclaren claims for his system that, no matter what may be the state of a man's health at the time he begins his work, be he weak or strong, the exercises of the gymnasium can be regulated to his power. Those exercises enable the weak man to begin without danger, without disappointment, without risk of failure, affording him a fair starting-point, from which he can daily add to his little store of strength: while to the

powerful man they give the opportunity of testing his strength, of sustaining it, of preserving it intact, serviceable and disposable for all exigencies. Surely, if this account of the value of gymnastics be only true in part, we shall all of us do what we can to aid and countenance the proposal of Lord Elcho—even if we can do nothing more than throw a copper to the little dirty boys who run along and tumble beside the omnibuses.

COUNTRY COUSINS IN LONDON.

NOT the least curious among the sights of London at this moment is that which our country friends make up among themselves for the special entertainment of those who are obliged to pass the greater portion of the year in the metropolis. We have at present among us a large number of persons who are of consequence in their own districts, but who are nothing to anyone here, and who with difficulty realise the fact that they are actually free for a time from the unwearied espionage and incessant tattle of their neighbours. No doubt there are some local busybodies among this class who find it hard to believe that their fame has not extended to the capital, and who feel a little mortified at the unceremonious way in which they are jostled as they pass through the streets, and at the fact that in the course of a day's walk not a single hat has been touched to them. People do not think very much of a town councilman here, and it may be doubted whether the street boys would be overawed by the dignity of even a mayor. The self-importance of opinionated men is soon taken down in London. They perceive what very small units they are in a great mass, and they begin to understand that the world would make a shift to go on without them, even if they fell out of their places altogether. The first visit of a thorough "provincial" to the capital is usually a memorable epoch in his existence. He has a great deal of disillusion to go through. He discovers that the chief interest of mankind is not centred in his native place—that, however great may be his own sphere, or the importance of his occupation, there are thousands on every hand who distance him immeasurably—and that unless he has proper credentials he may live here a very long time without meeting with anyone particularly desirous of making his acquaintance. There are of course some to whom there is nothing painful in this lesson, although they perhaps do not in every instance turn their immunity from observation and criticism to the best possible account. The cafés of the West End, and the really vicious places of resort, are supported and kept up not so much by natives as by country people and foreigners. The regular Londoner does not feel any necessity to run about at all hours of the night in search of excitement. The prowlers and marauders are composed of strangers who are determined to see everything they can, good and bad. It is a necessary consequence that they originate the very evils which they afterwards denounce so warmly as scandals to the entire kingdom.

There can be no question that our visitors are now enjoying themselves exceedingly, after their peculiar fashion. To be able to say they have been "all over" our great public buildings and national collections, is one great object they have in view. They chase each other rapidly through the British Museum, stop a minute or two before the Egyptian mummies (which they are apt to regard as another of our London impositions), and seem a good deal relieved when they find that they have traversed every gallery, and given a hasty glance at each collection. They then post off to some other show, and it is easy to conceive the state of bewilderment in which the indefatigable explorers find themselves at the close of the day. After a week or two spent in this vacant, restless way, they probably return to their homes condemning London as the most wearisome place they were ever in, and declaring that nothing short of absolute necessity could compel them to live in it. They do not seem to be aware that no one ever attempts to live permanently in the metropolis on the sight-seeing principle. The strange stories they tell to their country friends of a London life are founded on an entirely mistaken apprehension of the people among whom they have been. Our working men, for instance, never visit any of our public institutions, unless it be at Easter or Whitsuntide, and they seldom think of going to any place of amusement oftener than once or twice a month. It would fare badly with managers of theatres and of music halls if they depended absolutely upon the visits of Londoners. They know as well as most men that country cousins cannot make themselves at home in London. They return to their lodgings at cock-crow, and go out again before the milkmen have finished their rounds. Even Sir Roger de Coverley visited the theatre, and made himself acquainted with the principal public amusements. The polite manners of the old Worcestershire baronet are, however, no longer in vogue among provincials. Sir Roger, indeed, carried urbanity a little too far for his personal convenience—as when he saluted some folks on the river, and was called "a queer old put" for his pains, and was treated, as Addison says, with a "great deal of Thames ribaldry." There is no danger now of country people receiving similar indignities on account of their civility. They have a rugged method of getting in the way, and elbowing people out of theirs. They seem to have a very poor opinion of those whom they take for "Cockneys"—that is, every one who has not a fixed residence out of London; and those whom they do not suspect as rogues and pickpockets, they are apt to consider weak in intellect. Their excessive suspiciousness is no doubt often a source of discomfort to them, and it prevents their getting much information that would prove useful. But the first thought of

the rustic is to beware of thieves, and after the many thrilling narratives he has read of garotters and daylight robbers, it is not to be wondered at that he should view with distrust everyone whom he meets.

Those who have any curiosity to see our visitors depressed, melancholy, and utterly embarrassed, should choose a wet day for a visit to Kensington. The daily papers profess to see great cause of hopefulness in the fact that on a rainy day the Exhibition is crowded. The simple truth is, that people flock to Kensington then because they cannot make their usual voyages of discovery. Once inside the Exhibition they think they will be at least out of the rain, but they find that this calculation is a mistake, and that the extent of shelter they obtain depends very much on what part of the building they happen to be in. The appointments round the Minton fountain are ten times as numerous as ordinary on such a day, and in the jam of people friends search vainly for each other. The strange varieties of costumes which the thorough rustics have brought up with them seem improved, if anything, by a good soaking, and they are certainly made easier for the wearers. It is impossible for a kind-hearted man to observe the lower ranks of his country cousins without wishing to release them from the unwonted thralldom of collars and black coats. Under such a bondage it is impossible that there can be any grace or elegance in their movements. How much more they would enjoy the Exhibition and the other sights of London if they were to have the courage to go about in their every-day clothes! Their superior raiment is a very proper thing for Sundays, and no doubt sets off their figures admirably and looks exceedingly well—in the country. But the tall shirt collars, the gorgeous necktie or stock, and the uncouth coat, are sadly in the way when they want the free use of their limbs. If their only object in wearing them be to make a favourable impression on the "Cockneys," they might as well have left them at home. It is just because they do not understand that no one cares how they dress that they put themselves to inconvenience, and are probably extravagant in their transactions with the tailor. A shower of rain is so far a friend to them that it temporarily demolishes the shirt collar within which they are securely fastened. When our visitor is thus partially relieved and put in a fit state to look about him, many surprises await him. He will be disappointed to recognise the names of eminent firms on shabby-looking edifices, law courts not much larger than a country magistrate's office, banks hardly so imposing in appearance as his own town-hall, and public buildings with exteriors so mean that he would have passed them by unnoticed. Should he inquire where the Rothschilds carry on their business, he will be directed to some obscure recess in a City labyrinth, and he would find some of the wealthiest of our commercial men hidden away in offices which a local attorney would think wholly unworthy his position. Many streets familiar to him by name he would discover to be narrow and incommodious, and he would see that the notoriously low thoroughfares are much more disreputable than he could have had any previous idea of. The first day's experience of London disappoints nearly everyone who wanders about without some judicious friend to act as pilot. Crowded as the metropolis now is, almost every street seems too narrow for the traffic, and there is every excuse for the visitor who cannot account for the incongruity between the apparent external poverty of many parts of London and its vast internal resources.

That the great majority of provincial people will leave London with very vague and inadequate notions of its extent, its wealth, and its population, is unavoidable. They nearly all flock to the West End, and the vast regions on "the other side of the water" are well-nigh unknown to them. They have as little knowledge of the East and of the North, and notwithstanding the help they get from maps and guide-books, their topographical information is so confused as to be perfectly worthless. Although the country is better than the town, our visitors rather pride themselves on their familiarity with our "landmarks;" and they are rather given to point out Apsley House to their friends as Charing Cross Hospital, while a few have wandered over to Bedlam under the impression that they were going to St. Paul's. Still, there must be very many who have seen what they have seen intelligently, and who will for the future feel something like a personal interest in the events which take place here. They will be able to form their own conclusions as to the respective merits of the two schemes for the Thames Embankment—that which consults the convenience of the public, and that which aims at the comfort of the Crown lessees. It is desirable for many reasons that "provincials," to use the common term, should know what London really is like. This year they will have seen it under exceptional circumstances—we do not always wear so festive an appearance, nor can we at all times offer so many attractions to the stranger. But in quieter seasons there is less crowding, imposition, and extortion to mar the comfort of those who come to see us. Nothing expands the circumscribed ideas engendered by life in a small country town so much as a visit to London, and many of our unsophisticated guests are now returning to their homes considerably wiser on many points than when they started.

THE SCULPTURE AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ANYONE who takes the trouble to watch may see that very few visitors to the Exhibition trouble themselves about the sculpture. The shrine in which Gibson's "Venus" is placed does, indeed, attract some degree of attention, partly because it is

so very conspicuous, and partly because the "Venus" is tinted, and the question whether statues look well when coloured is sufficiently superficial to afford a convenient subject of conversation. But, as a rule, the sculpture is not looked at. This arises from several causes. In the first place, a taste for sculpture is in most instances an acquired taste. The beauty of form has little pleasure for the uneducated eye, and there is nothing in statues of the charm which bright colour and the telling of a familiar story offer to the loungers in picture galleries. Then, again, the sculpture in the Exhibition is not first-rate. There is a great deal in it that is admirable, but there are few works to which the spectator can be guided as among the highest triumphs of the art. There is not enough celebrity attached to the statues to incite people to overcome their natural disinclination to trouble themselves with looking at marble. But perhaps an almost accidental reason is as powerful as any. It is so extremely difficult to find out where any statue is which the visitor wishes to see—the sculpture is so dispersed over the building, and the works of the same master are often so far apart—that the spectator gets disheartened, and when he has seen the tinted "Venus" and the sculpture in the Roman Court, and one or two of the figures in the English Gallery, he thinks that he has had about enough of it. And yet the sculpture is well worth studying, and affords means of examining seriously what it is that sculptors try to do, and what is their success. We hope that it will not be useless to those who may wish to use the Exhibition for this purpose, if we give a brief and rapid sketch of the chief branches of the sculptor's art, point out two or three of the specimens exhibited which will best illustrate each branch, and state precisely where in the building these specimens are to be found. If anyone patiently examines these specimens, he will have gained something from the sculpture at the Exhibition which will abide permanently with him. He will not, indeed, have done justice to the different schools of sculpture, or to different sculptors. He will know nothing of the history of the art. But unless people are permitted to profit by the sculpture exhibited who are not prepared to settle the claims of rivals, or to trace the progress or decline of schools, the statues must evidently, for all but one or two in ten thousand, be a mere piece of lively decoration.

The aim of the sculptor is to exhibit the human form. It is true that the exhibition of the form of lower animals is also within the province of sculpture, but in so small a degree that we may for all practical purposes limit the range of sculpture to man. The beauty of the human frame, its make, and powers and force, and surface and parts—this is what the sculptor has to represent in a durable material, and that material is in most cases marble, though sometimes it is bronze. The body may be taken as it is, without drapery. The naked human figure may be the subject of representation, and the sculptor may try to exhibit the wonders of its symmetry, its strength, and its grace; and the naked figure may be that of a man or that of a woman. Secondly, the figure may be draped wholly or partially, and then the sculptor has to show how the folds of drapery fall, and how they accommodate themselves to the figure they clothe. Thirdly, two or more figures may be placed together in a group, and then there may be something of a story to be told, or an incident to be represented. Fourthly, there may be some degree of sentiment added to the form, and the sentiment most naturally and conveniently made attendant on sculpture is that which attaches to the representation of childhood. The representation in sculpture of children is not so much the representation of the undeveloped human figure as that of figures necessarily awakening a particular kind of feeling in the spectator. Lastly, sculpture may represent the actual faces and figures of particular individuals, and aim at handing down to posterity a likeness of the great or beloved dead, in a form of all others the most likely to endure.

The representation of the naked human form is the basis of sculpture. Everything else is an addition, an accessory, or a combination. This is the real beginning and end of the sculptor. He must understand how the body is made, and how it really looks in different attitudes. It is because he knows this and most spectators do not, that sculpture is not popular. We know nothing of naked human bodies, and if we want to know anything we must learn. A sense of beauty and proportion does indeed make itself felt when we see very good statuary, even for the first time. But this sense is very vague, and in order to appreciate the representation of the naked figure we must study it. But very few of us can study it or wish to study it in the living model. We must take our knowledge second-hand, as the lady-doctors will have to take a large part of their medical knowledge. That is, we must study a great many good statues, and then by comparing one with another, we shall see what is the general figure the sculptors have tried to represent. But a sculptor, if his statue is to have the air of being something more than a bare study, must place it in some attitude, or invest it with some character which gives it speciality and individuality. The Greeks carried the representation of the naked human figure farther towards perfection than it has ever been carried, and as they represented their gods in the shape of men with perfect figures, the Greek gods and goddesses have been accepted as the most convenient mode of giving the requisite speciality and individuality to representations of the naked human figure in modern times. This has come partly from sculpture having been in later ages to a great degree a conscious revival of the antique; but it also arises from a very natural deference to the feelings of modern life. A sculptor who wishes to represent the naked figure, and to give it some sort of individuality, can scarcely associate it with any model of the modern world. He

does not call it Mr. A, or Miss B, but Mars or Venus. The best statue for examining the representation of the naked male figure, individualized by accepting the traditional emblems of a Greek god, is the "Mercury" of Thorwaldsen, which is placed in the nave, rather beyond the middle, on the right as the visitor goes away from the clock. As the spectator watches this beautiful figure, he will see more and more to admire in the turn and set of the head, the look of youthful grace spread over all the limbs, and the unaffected but difficult position in which the sitting is contrasted with the standing leg. This "Mercury" gives him the male figure in repose. If he wishes to see it all animation, movement, and life, let him look at Lequesne's "Faun," a bronze statue immediately on his left as he enters the French Gallery from the English. Then, again, there is the exhibition of anatomical correctness, of the rendering of muscles and nerves under great pressure and excitement, which is not quite so attractive, but is a true and a very difficult branch of sculptorial excellence; and no notion of what sculpture can do can be gained without examining it. We think the most instructive specimen is Perotti's "American bitten by the serpent," which is on the right-hand side of the tinted "Venus" as the visitor walks from the nave to the galleries. This statue seems to us very unequal. The head is painful and artificial, and the lower part of the body is unfinished, but the body from the thigh to the neck is a wonderful representation of the agony and muscular contortion of a painful and sudden death.

As every one takes a passing look and flings a passing criticism at the tinted "Venus," it is needless to point it out as a type of the sculpture of the naked female figure. Whether it is allowable or advisable to paint statues may be left to be discussed by those who cannot settle the matter by simply looking at the head and hair of the "Venus," and who have never read the numerous reasons which the bulk of sculptors hold to justify them in keeping to the pure marble. But putting aside the tinting, this "Venus" has some grace, a great deal of force, and an unusual degree of piquancy of form. It is not more than a second-rate statue, but it is a second-rate statue by a very considerable master, who knows the make of the figure he has to treat. The spectator will find that the most favourable position for seeing it is on the side. A model of a much purer and more graceful type, but with less, perhaps, of force, is Wyatt's "Girl Bathing," the first figure on the left as the visitor enters the gallery at the top of the staircase leading to the French pictures. Nothing could be simpler or sweeter, or a more modest, charming representation of what fancy imagines the living figure. We scarcely know whether the spectator will be repaid or not by adding to his list Power's "California," which is on the same side of the nave as Thorwaldsen's "Mercury," but nearer the clock. The lower part of the body appears to us feeble and conventional, but the neck and head are noticeably elegant and well turned, and the head itself is a successful attempt to put a head that is not Greek on the statue of a naked female.

Drapery enables the sculptor to exhibit a very different kind of person. Anyone may be represented draped. If a draped statue is regarded merely as such, and without reference to portraiture, the chief skill of the sculptor depends in representing the drapery itself, and still more the figure under the drapery. It is possible to throw quite as much force, life, and individuality into the draped as into the naked figure, and the drapery, if skilfully treated, at once allows a different class of subjects to be treated, and gives the sculptor the opportunity of showing how well he can dispose of the covering. We do not think that there are any better specimens of single figures draped than those of Story in the Roman Court. As they have the good fortune to be displayed in a place of so much popular resort, few visitors have failed to bestow a moment on the "Sibyl" and the "Cleopatra." Taken altogether we prefer the "Sibyl." Few statues have more nobility of look, originality of conception, and marked meaning in the whole bearing, attitude, and position of the figure. But as a specimen of the treatment of the figure under drapery, the "Cleopatra" is, perhaps, preferable. There is one characteristic in the statue which immediately arrests the eye, and which remains its great merit however long we examine it. The figure sits with the most admirable ease and truth of position. Exactly as a woman dressed in a thin loose robe would sit if she were meditating and abandoned to thought, and herself of a type large and a little coarse, but still symmetrical, so does this Cleopatra sit. Her body is expressed through her drapery, so that its whole form is indicated, and yet the drapery is abundant and flowing, and falls in natural easy curves from her figure to the ground.

When once figures are combined into groups, there is no limit to the variety of subjects that may be taken, of stories that may be represented, and of the sources of interest to which an appeal may be made. That is, there is no limit within the range of sculpture, for sculpture can only represent what can be represented by combinations of figures. The very simplest kind of group is to put two figures together, and to combine the effects of their attitudes as relating one to the other. The most perfect specimen of this simple kind of combination is the "Mercury and Pandora" of Flaxman, on the wall between the two staircases leading to the Picture Galleries. Mercury is flying through the air supporting Pandora in a sitting posture. The look of motion given to the figure of Mercury, the mode in which he is supported in the air, without effort, the graceful line of his figure, and the skilfully arranged position of Pandora, sitting as it were in his arms without pressure, all come home to the spectator's eye the more he looks. A group becomes more complicated when two or three figures are placed together, who are all bound to each other by

a family tie, or a common share in history or mythology. The visitor will find an excellent group of this kind in Cavellier's "Cornelia," with her two sons. The noble look and dignity of the celebrated Roman matron, the contrast between the two sons, the firm, set, resolute bearing of the elder, and the childish abandonment of the younger, make up a group that is a source of real and lively pleasure. It is one of the first pieces of statuary in the approach to the nave on the left-hand side as the visitor starts from the clock. A much more complicated group, but one that tells a difficult story with truth and loveliness, is a group in the centre, at the other extremity of the building, in which Kessel has represented a man, a woman, and their child escaping to a high rock from the advancing deluge. The woman clings to the man, who raises her up by her garments, the child clings to the woman and grasps her dress in front. Evidently such a subject gives room for the display of the greatest variety of attitude, and of the management of drapery. The spectator will observe with interest how elaborately the appearance of drapery, held as a support to a falling figure, has been given by the great Belgian artist, and with what skill the difficulty is overcome of rendering the outline of a female figure, herself supported, and yet in turn the last support of a falling child.

The specimens of sculpture as it deals with children may be very comfortably and conveniently studied, for the best are all close together in the English Picture Gallery. The "Cupid" of Behnes is, we think, the most perfect. It is all that the grace and pretty symmetry of a laughing, curly-headed, noble-looking boy can be. The rendering of the smooth, round, childish limbs, the pose of the figure, and the indescribable poetry that is thrown over the whole, cannot fail to impress even a hasty passer-by. There is also as much to study with profit, though less to look at with pleasure, in Woolner's "Constance and Arthur." It is an excellent specimen of the extreme of careful truth in sculpture. The girl's nightgown is a marvel of accuracy in stone. Every fold is represented, not with the general effect of folds, but with a precision, a variety, and an intricacy that are really wonderful. It is Pre-Raphaelitism in sculpture, and has the merits and faults of that school. It has the great merit of representing to the last detail so important an accessory as the dress of the principal figure. It has the defect of making the spectator remark that this really is something like a nightgown. His attention, that is, is diverted from the whole to a part, from the principal to the accessory, from the thought to the workmanship of the artist. The sense of the artificial thus produced is increased by the other child being naked. The exigencies of art are obtruded on us when of two children one is devoted to exhibiting the naked figure, and the other to exhibiting the folds of a nightgown. With this drawback the group itself is masterly, and the attitude of the children, the face of the girl, the naturalness and simplicity of the mode in which she expresses her anxiety to protect and caress her brother, are all in their way excellent. Enthusiasts have, we believe, professed to recognise in the face of the children the fact, otherwise known, that the originals were deaf and dumb; but enthusiastic friends of artists will see anything. As it is so near, we must recommend the visitor to take some notice of Miss Hosmer's "Puck," which is on a lower level of art, but is graceful in its way, and has an originality in the design which stamps it with a value of its own.

The famous letters in which the correspondent contributor of the *Times* raised a laugh against "Damon and Phidias," and perverted their biography, in order to amuse the town, had their chief foundation in the lavish praise with which Damon spoke of the sculpture-portraits of Phidias. We need not go so far in the extacies of friendly criticism, but we think that, so far as the basis of his criticism went, Damon was quite right. There are no busts of Englishmen of the present day which can, we think, be compared to the busts of Mr. Woolner. He has not here shown any specimen of the full figure, or of the still more difficult line of equestrian statues, of which Foley's Lord Hardinge is so admirable an example. He has simply given us busts; but then these busts are full of twice as much meaning, and life, and truth, as the busts of ordinary sculptors. Perhaps Behnes' "Clarkson," which the visitor will find on the left staircase as he goes up to the picture galleries, is the best bust of any other sculptor. It is a very lifelike head, full of sweetness and nobleness, and with a general look that seems to mark the man. But Woolner's busts stand by themselves for the mode in which they give the human face, when the face is that of a man of high intellect or of forcible character. The two busts of Mr. Maurice and Mr. Tennyson, also on the staircase leading to the pictures, are as speaking likenesses, as plainly marked with the thought and the genius of the originals, as marble can be expected to produce. The Poet Laureate is perhaps slightly idealized. It is the man as he may be seen, not as he is sure to be seen. But the bust of Mr. Maurice strikes us as being quite as much like Mr. Maurice as he is himself. It is the man in stone. Nor is it only because the originals are remarkable men with strongly marked heads and faces, that their busts stand out. On the same row, and not far from them, is the bust of Sir John Lawrence, by Theed. It is a good likeness when seen near, though it looks rather too smoothed off. But if the visitor will mount to the top of the staircase, and thence look back at the busts from a little distance, he will see that the face of Mr. Maurice and Mr. Tennyson look as clear and strong as ever, while the features of Sir John Lawrence have melted away in the distance into nothingness; and yet Sir John Lawrence, in real life, has features quite as strongly marked as either of the others. It is the sculptor and not the original that

causes the difference. Mr. Woolner has not yet gone beyond one type of man, and he has not shown any specimens of the female face; but so far as he has gone, we think Darnon was not very much in the wrong in what he said about him.

REVIEWS.

PRINCE DOLGOROUKOW ON RUSSIAN REFORM.*

PRINCE PIERRE DOLGOROUKOW continues in his self-imposed exile, and he has now made a second attack on the tyrannical system which oppresses his country. There may have been much that was exaggerated in the details given by M. Dolgoroukow in his former book, and *Des Réformes en Russie* is none the less instructive for the absence of such details. The general impression he seeks to convey in both books is, no doubt, correct enough. The Russian political system is radically bad; it is throughout penetrated with the spirit of an Asiatic despotism; and M. Dolgoroukow does not use an unfair metaphor when he repeatedly calls Russian society 'une pyramide de serfage.' For nearly three centuries the present system has been undermining the self-respect of every class of the people. It is natural to ask why, after such prolonged acquiescence in despotism, the Russian people should now be showing a temper which refuses any longer to tolerate it. The example of other nations may have done much, but the special circumstances of the last thirty-five years have done more, to produce such a temper. The despotism of Nicholas was too stern for his own purposes. His reign commenced in the shock of an insurrection which almost overturned his throne, and he never forgot the peril through which he had passed. Accordingly, throughout his reign the secret police exercised a ceaseless vigilance; the oppression of the Government was fearfully great, and its cost enormous. Not a whisper of remonstrance was tolerated. There was not even a secret press, and the slightest show of independent action was checked by the severest punishment. The students in the Universities were not allowed to exceed a certain number; and by complex passport regulations Russian subjects were kept as much as possible out of the reach of foreign influences. This imprisonment of a people had lasted through the lifetime of a generation, when Nicholas died just it was demonstrated that his system could not secure even military and diplomatic triumphs. The oppressors were themselves weary of the labour of oppression, and chagrined at its results. The peace left the army disorganized and the treasury empty. Some change was necessary, if only to give the Government breathing time; and the new Czar accordingly began his reign with concessions. Licenses to publish journals were given with some liberality, and though the rules of the censorship were not altered, they were gently administered. The price of passports was reduced from 2,000fr. to a merely nominal sum, and the limitations on the number of students at the Universities were removed. This suspension of the repressive policy of Nicholas naturally encouraged a temper of watchful expectation. So great was the change from the dreary monotony of oppression which had gone by, that it seemed reasonable to hope for almost anything; and when the Government made known its intention to emancipate the serfs, the Liberals grew still more sanguine. Several newspapers started into life, and were for a time permitted by friendly censors to criticise, under a thin veil of allegory, the acts of ministers, and even the character of institutions. Fifty thousand Russians visited foreign countries in the year 1856-7, and the number of students in the Universities increased tenfold. But the Liberals were soon able to see that they had been too sanguine. No more reforms were announced—the courts of justice continued as corrupt and the bureaucracy as uncontrolled as before. The financial and monetary consequences of the Crimean war still paralysed trade. And when the Government announced the details of its scheme of emancipation, the number of the discontented classes received a formidable accession.

M. Dolgoroukow, in *Des Réformes en Russie*, enumerates the discontented classes, and the causes of the discontent of each. His enumeration includes every class except the class of officials and the court faction, and their respective causes of discontent are no doubt ample. But the root of the discontent lies in the spirit of enquiry engendered by the dark oppression of Nicholas, and developed by the comparative freedom of the first years of Alexander. It is true that in 1859-60 the Government became alarmed. It was dismayed by the boldness of the criticisms it had encouraged, provoked by the ingratitude with which its excellent intentions had been received, and perplexed by the strange restlessness which did not think the emancipation of the serfs a reform sufficiently great for one reign. The Government then perceived the blunder it had made, and restored the strictness of the censorship; but it was too late. The appetite had been created. The journals of St. Petersburg no longer contained indirect attacks on the ministers, or timid essays on political questions. But the printing presses of London, Paris, and Leipzig supplied journals in the Russian language which denounced by name the most exalted functionaries, narrated their acts of venality and oppression, boldly discussed the institutions of Russia, and, secretly

circulated throughout the country, kept alive the hatred against the Government, and gave a definite form to the vague desire for change.

But the partisans of despotism committed their greatest error on the day when they allowed Alexander to proclaim the emancipation of the serfs. A despotism like that of Russia, if it is to endure, should never change. When Alexander inaugurated that prodigious revolution, he showed that any change was possible. And, from the point of view of a partisan of despotism, objections lay against the emancipation of the serfs which did not lie against any other possible change. The state of things which had existed in Russia for two centuries was based upon the institution of serfage. Serfage was the pledge of peace between the Crown and the nobles. M. Dolgoroukow shows that the institution of serfage was the work of the Czar Boris Godounow, who by that means sought and obtained the support of the Russian nobles. Before his reign the cultivators of the soil had been free to choose their master, and the decree that every peasant should become the bondsman of the noble on whose land he might be found on an appointed day conferred a great boon on the less wealthy class of nobles. The day which fixed their fate has ever since been held a day of mourning among the Russian serfs; but it also ensured the humiliation of their masters. Ever since, the nobles have been morally bound to the foot of the throne, to which they looked for the protection of their peculiar institution. A compact of the same kind was made in the fifteenth century between the House of Valois and the French nobility, when the latter waived their political privileges in order to purchase immunity from taxation. Accordingly, in both countries, so long as the compact was observed, the crown was safe from an alliance between the natural enemies of its prerogatives. But now the implied bargain is at an end, and the Russian nobles at once look round for new allies. Till lately, the nobles, satisfied with the possession of the soil and of its cultivators, acquiesced in the system which left their property, their honour, and their lives at the mercy of the executive. But now that the chains are struck off their serfs, they begin to desire the protection of law for themselves. Foreseeing that they must suffer by the change already announced, they look for compensation to further changes. Their remaining privileges become worthless or burthensome in their eyes. Thousands of them know that, destitute as they are of the capital necessary for the employment of hired labour, they must sell their estates; and the cherished right of their class to the exclusive possession of land at once becomes a grievance, excluding from the market those who might be the highest bidders for their estates. Every other right, if it bears no worse fruits, must exclude them from the sympathy of their countrymen, which now in their weakness they require. In this way the cry for the abolition of privileges grows louder and louder, and despotism has to number among its enemies nearly the whole class of nobles.

But this is not the worst. In Russia, as in France, the same stroke of policy which purchased the support of the nobles confirmed the dependence upon the throne of the lowest class. The sovereigns of Russia at least shared with the nobles the guilt of the institution of serfage. But, in the eyes of the serfs at least, they shared none of the discredit. The serfs felt only the hand of the immediate oppressor; in the more remote conspirator they recognised only a protector. Accordingly, the Czar has for three centuries been the father and friend of the Russian serfs, clothed by their imaginations with almost divine attributes. But his first really paternal act has been sufficient to dispel the dream. That the Czar should give them freedom was simply to grant the boon in looking for which their eyes had grown weary. That he should ask them to pay for the land they had cultivated as their own, was a monstrous act, wholly inconsistent with the paternal character. Thus, the serfs too are now among the enemies of the Czar.

Even the army, the last resource of despotism, has been polluted by the evil spirit evoked by the rash act of emancipation. The discontent in its ranks, which has long been notorious throughout Europe, is not to be wholly explained by the circumstance of an exhausted treasury. The soldiers of a great army always sympathize with the people from whom it is recruited, except on those rare occasions when enthusiastic devotion to a triumphant leader has temporary possession of their minds. And it is long since a Russian army was able to boast of triumphs. There is, therefore, nothing to prevent their minds following their natural bias. If the discontent were confined to a particular district, no doubt regiments could easily be induced to shoot down any number of the dissatisfied. But the discontent is in fact, universal. Every Russian noble, every Russian serf, from the Black Sea to the White Sea, and from Poland to Siberia, is more or less affected by it. The father or the brother of every private soldier is a serf—the father or the brother of every officer is a noble. What wonder, then, if the *Welcorus* and the *Kolokol* find readers in the army, if seditious papers are circulated among the men, if there are rumours of mutiny, if the Government has from time to time to despatch distinguished officers to inland fortresses or to the wilds of Siberia?

If, then, we add to the students at the Universities, and to the men who are reformers from observation and deliberate conviction, those who are reformers from interest or passion—the serfs, the nobles, the army—we shall see how great is the danger of the Russian Government, how wide-spread around the throne of

* *Des Réformes en Russie, suivi d'un Aperçu sur les États généraux Russes au XVI^e et au XVII^e Siècle.* Par le Prince Pierre Dolgoroukow. Bruxelles, chez tous les libraires. 1862.

Alexander are the elements out of which revolutions spring. If it had but unity of purpose, the Russian nation might now achieve the most beneficent reforms; and there are some points as to which M. Dolgoroukow declares that all except the members of the bureaucracy are unanimous. Every other Russian would gladly see the abolition of corporal punishments and class privileges, and the establishment of publicity in judicial procedure, and of perfect freedom of trade. But here agreement ends. Besides many less important shades of opinion, there are two theories of reform against which M. Dolgoroukow protests. The first of these involves, in fact, not so much a change in the form of government as in measures. Its partisans believe that, if only the right men were in the right places, all would be well. They declare that the right men to whom they allude would introduce practical reforms under which Russia would soon achieve the utmost prosperity; and, in fact, the changes they contemplate include complete freedom of education and a large amount of civil liberty. But they affect to dread the license which the liberty of the press brings with it, and to believe that their country has not passed that early stage of progress in which everything should be done for, and nothing by, the people. These men are, in fact, the ablest and most honourable of the Russian administrators. They are disgusted with the narrowness and brutality of the régime of Nicholas, but have perfect confidence in the system of which they are parts, believing it to be admirably adapted to the present state of Russia. This party, then, thinks that an intelligent despotism will cure all the maladies of the empire, and the Grand Duke Constantine is said to be its leader.

On the other hand, there is a large party so disgusted with the tyranny of the past that, not content with the overthrow of the despotic system, they would abolish along with it the dynasty that has governed by its means. They remember so keenly the oppression of the Czars that they have no care for the great empire created by their exertions. They know that the nobles bought, by the sacrifice of their honour and independence, the power of holding in bondage the cultivators of the soil; and they would gladly see the serfs become prosperous yeomen through the distribution among them of the estates of their lords. These men build their plan of reform on the history of the past, but then the history of the internal misery of their country has made far more impression on their minds than that of its external glory. When M. Dolgoroukow looks back for a precedent to guide him in the work of reconstruction, he finds it in the 16th century, in the States General of the Empire. But the partisans of more radical changes can find nothing admirable in the history of Russia since the time when the members of each Slavic tribe held their land in common, and elected among themselves all the officers who were to have power in their little community. The establishment of the grand ducal houses by the sons of Rurik, the partition of the lands of each duchy among the military followers of the duke, the absorption of all the duchies and of many neighbouring states in the dominion of the Grand Duke of Moscow, the gradual extinction of the personal independence of the cultivators of the soil, are, in the eyes of this party, the successive steps in the gradual ruin of the Russian nation. Accordingly, their specific is to imitate as closely as possible the state of things which preceded these successive disasters. The establishment, or as they believe, the restoration of a class of free yeomanry by the lavish distribution of the lands of the nobles, and of the self-government of the communes and provinces, is the only reform that offers an adequate guarantee for the prosperity of the Russians. Whether the provinces would choose to delegate any portion of sovereignty to a central government, or whether the Russian Empire is to cease to exist, seems to this party a question altogether of secondary importance.

M. Dolgoroukow himself, who professes to represent the constitutional party, thinks it necessary to sacrifice Poland and Finland. Having thus cleared the ground, he proceeds to sketch the outline of the proposed constitution. In doing this he is guided by a strong desire to leave the provinces as independent as is compatible with the interests and with the preservation of the whole empire. He will not shut his eyes to the national characteristics of its different parts. On the contrary, he ostentatiously acknowledges them, by proposing that those provinces which now speak a common language and enjoy common traditions should be consolidated, and in this way he would reduce the number of provinces from sixty-four to twenty-five. Each province should be encouraged to speak its own language in its diet, and to have its own university. Moreover, he proposes that the communes and districts into which the provinces are divided should possess rights of self-government almost as extensive as those which belong to the townships and counties of New England, and that the diet of each province should appoint an executive to conduct its affairs, responsible only to itself, but with the right of appeal, in certain cases, to the House of Commons of the empire:—

Tout cela à notre avis le gouvernement doit l'accorder : chaque province se serait administrée elle-même, et l'unité de l'Empire aurait résidé dans le souverain, dans la Chambre des Communes, dans la Chambre des Boyars, dans le budget de l'État, dans un seul et unique code pénal, dans une seule et unique armée, dans une seule et unique diplomatie.

By this generous policy, by acknowledging and honouring all the national characteristics of the peoples comprised in the Russian empire, by determining to "decentralize the administration, and to divide Russia in respect of its internal government into a

number of great provinces," M. Dolgoroukow believes it possible to induce even Lithuania, Podolia, and Bessarabia to continue parts of the empire, so that its western frontier may not be thrown back from the line of the Niemen and the Bug to Smolensk, Kalonga and Koursk:—

Suivant nous, c'est le seul moyen pour le gouvernement russe de sortir de la crise dans laquelle il se trouve engagé à l'heure qu'il est, et l'unique moyen d'échapper au démembrement de la Russie.

It is so difficult to obtain accurate information upon the state of Russia that it is impossible to determine how far there is just foundation for these alarms. It is at least strange, within ten years of a time when it was doubted whether England and France together could check Russia, and when it was thought that she might any day pour a vast Slavic host across Asia into India, to read speculations about the possible dismemberment of her empire and to see a scheme of reform recommended on account of its moderation which in some very important particulars closely resembles the constitution of the United States. Instead of attempting to guess the future, it is wiser to note the signs of the present. The Czar, notwithstanding his good intentions, is said to be extremely averse to a constitutional Government, and the most favourable view only represents him as likely to place confidence in the Grand Duke Constantine. On the other hand, the nobles have at last given satisfactory proof of the reality of their rumoured alliance with the Liberal party. Among the few laudable changes by which Catherine II. in some degree redeemed the lavish promises she had made before her accession, was the institution of provincial assemblies of the nobles. These assemblies were invested with the power of electing certain officers and of drawing up statements of their grievances for presentation to the Crown. The assemblies of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Tver met in the spring of the present year. In all, even in St. Petersburg, and within sight of the Winter Palace, the nobles boldly demanded the convocation of a States General. But the address of the nobles of the province of Tver, which is given by M. Dolgoroukow in his appendix, is perhaps the most remarkable document that has appeared during the present crisis. After demanding the payment by the State of the indemnity due from the serfs for the fee-simple of their allotments, and the abolition of all their own privileges, "in the continuance of which we decline all responsibility," they go on to say:—

Nous-mêmes, placés près du peuple et en contact journalier avec lui, nous n'avons point la prétention de parler en son nom, et nous avons la ferme conviction que les bonnes intentions seules sont complètement insuffisantes, non seulement à satisfaire les besoins de la nation, mais même à les exprimer. Nous avons la persuasion, que si toutes les réformes n'ont abouti à rien du tout, c'est parce qu'elles ont été entreprises sans que le pays eût été consulté ni appelé à manifester ses vœux. La seule voie possible pour arriver à une solution satisfaisante, c'est la convocation des représentants de la nation russe.

The same language is held by the secret committee which has undertaken to guide the revolution, and whose proclamations, appearing under the title of *Welicoruss*, are read by every educated Russian. This committee does indeed contemplate nothing less than the dethronement of the dynasty and the dismemberment of the empire, but for the present it is content to make only the same demands as the nobles. Unfortunately, the people of Russia have had little experience in political action. Were the army loyal, it is difficult to doubt that the present movement would be suppressed, though its suppression would cost probably torrents of blood, and perhaps the loss of Poland. Were the Government astute enough to grant the peasants all they demand, it might even now recover their support, and purchase a prolonged immunity from the control of a constitution. As it is, vast blunders will assuredly be committed by the popular party. So long ago as last October, the *Welicoruss* declared that, if the "enlightened classes" could not reform the government before the summer of 1863, there would be a general rising of the people which that revolutionary committee would find itself compelled to join in order to guide it. We believe that the present upheaving of all the elements of Russian society will ultimately promote the spread of truth and justice, but it is only too probable that the end will not be reached till after a season of crimes and follies of which the incendiarism that now agitates St. Petersburg may be the first-fruits.

KANGAROO-LAND.*

ON the Lucretian principle that it is pleasant to behold the difficulties of others, when we are safe from them ourselves, this book may be read with interest. It contains the Australian experiences of one who was educated as a gentleman, and yet had to contend with the hardest forms of manual labour in order to earn a bare subsistence in the southern hemisphere. The narrative wants properly both a beginning and an end. We are neither informed with what views the writer first went to Australia, nor how he ultimately succeeded in extricating himself from a life of physical labour. It appears, however, that shortly after his arrival at Sydney he made the acquaintance of a fortunate digger, who had gained 800*l.* in a few days, with small exertion, at the Victoria gold-fields, and who, on account of his easy success, imagined that a few hundreds were at any time to be gained at the diggings by merely turning over the soil. Mr. Polehampton, who seems to

* *Kangaroo-land.* By the Rev. Arthur Polehampton. London: Bentley. 1862.

have been easily inoculated with these golden anticipations, set sail for Melbourne, donned a digger's costume, and arrived at the Bendigo diggings towards the end of one October, without any previous apprenticeship to manual labour, without knowing how to harness a horse, cook a beef-steak, or make a "damper." When he arrived, the rain was falling, and thousands of mud-covered figures of diggers, half-emerging from the well-like holes in which they were labouring, covered the prospect far and wide. At such a sight many a gold-seeking enthusiast has been known to turn sharp round, without even putting a pick to the earth, and make a final retreat. Mr. Polehampton, however, proceeded to pitch his tent, with the aid of his two "mates," and then started off to fill his kettle from a neighbouring creek. However, where so many tents of similar structure covered the plain, it was far easier to leave it than find it again. The writer wandered about kettle in hand for a long time, and ran the risk of being shot as an intruder into strange tents, before he could again recognise his own habitation. On the morning after his arrival, he marked out his "claim," and, with all the inexperience of a novice, went so frantically to work that in four hours his hands were raw, his back aching all over, and his strength utterly used up, though he had not sunk his own height, and to add to his discomfort he had to endure the "chaff" of lookers-on who had been amused by the vehemence of his exertions. The young digger had yet to learn that which is the first lesson of an Alpine tourist—that we must begin at the pace which can be sustained the whole day. Shortly after the writer had begun to labour with discretion at Bendigo, his "mates" were seized with a passion for the "Ovens," distant one hundred and fifty miles to the north, and the whole party proceeded there. In consequence of a dispute, however, with one of his companions, Mr. Polehampton returned to Bendigo; but after sinking several holes ineffectively, and getting gold from very few, and never attaining to more than three ounces from a single claim, he fell into a low state of health from overwork and sameness of diet, and his mates complained that he did not do his fair share of labour. Consequently, he was obliged to look out for light employment, and, not finding it, to leave Bendigo for Melbourne on foot. The journey occupied five days, and the writer arrived in Melbourne with exactly one shilling in his pocket—a complete example of an unsuccessful digger.

At Melbourne the adventurer endeavoured to obtain some light occupation; but being unsuccessful, and finding his health restored and his purse empty about the same time, he shouldered his blanket—the invariable equipment of an Australian working man—and walked off to Flemington, about ten miles from Melbourne, with the hope of being engaged on some road-work. Having succeeded in finding an engagement with the overseer of a piece of road-making, he wrote home to his friends to say he had met with Government employment at ten shillings a day. Such was the price, indeed, paid for breaking stones in a languid way, under the eyes of an overseer who spent most of his time in reading the newspaper. Among Mr. Polehampton's fellow labourers were a barrister and a surgeon. The surgeon wore blue spectacles. His mode of procedure was to seat himself on a heap of large stones, and at long intervals to draw forth one; and after surveying it cursorily for some time, our writer says, as a geologist might a pet specimen, he would give the stone a gentle tap as if it went to his heart to break it. Mr. Polehampton's great difficulty here was to avoid working so hard as to offend his overseer or his fellow workmen. His discomforts were, however, considerable—the heat and dust great, water scarce, and lodgings extravagantly dear. In which latter respect, we may remark, as curiously illustrative of the state of Australian society, that a stone-breaker was obliged to pay thirty shillings for the third part of one room in a wretched hut, the owner of which endeavoured to limit him to a teacup full of water for washing. The road-making, however, came to an end at last, though not before Mr. Polehampton was heartily sick of its monotony; and he then returned to Melbourne to endeavour to find occupation as a mechanic, for all sorts of skilled labour were in great request and largely advertised for. But, unfortunately, Mr. Polehampton had received no education in any handicraft, and had not yet acquired the colonial aptitude for learning by successive failures at the expense of employers.

However, he made bold to ask for occupation as a house painter, and obtained it, and he found himself speedily perched upon a ladder on the outside of a newly erected house—apron, paint-can, and brush all complete. He acquired confidence as his work progressed, and his confidence was increased by the admiration of a congregation of small boys below, who cried out, "My eyes! can't he paint, Jim, that's all?" But in descending to fill his paint pot, he observed that he had laid the paint on so thickly that a little rivulet of paint was streaming across the path. He managed to efface this sign of inefficiency before his employer came round, and became again in such high spirits with his power of earning a living by the brush, that he inadvertently kicked over a bucketful of white paint while his employer was standing by. In the evening he was curtly told that his services would not be wanted on the morrow, and he went off to find other employment in other directions. Mr. Polehampton became then, with more or less effect, successively a wood-cutter, a charcoal-burner, a rail-splitter, a timber-shifter, a brick-maker, a hay-maker, a quarryman, a lime burner, a fisherman, a sheep-washer and shearer, a corn thresher, and a stock-rider to a squatter, in which latter capacity he had the

charge of the cattle of a station in the bush. Of these various employments, that of wood-cutter seems to have been the easiest for an unpractised hand. The way of establishing yourself in this line appears to be to buy a good American axe, then bury yourself deep in the woods, fix your tent, and lay about you day after day until you have felled enough trees for your customers to come and cart them away. The havoc one man can make in the bush with his axe, Mr. Polehampton says, is soon remarkable; and, unless care is taken, the rapid destruction of her forests will be a great calamity for Victoria. The writer, while engaged in wood-cutting, lived quite alone, carrying his own provisions once a fortnight from a Bush store two miles off, cooking his own food, washing his own shirts, and mending his own clothes. About this time, "Zimmerman on Solitude" fell in his way, but he had so much of the real thing that the philosophy of it brought him small satisfaction. His only visitors were kangaroos and black men, with an occasional straggling emigrant, and generally his pipe and his pannikin of hot tea in the evening after his day's work seemed the only connecting links between himself and civilization. To add to the strangeness of this kind of exile, it must be remembered that the Australian forests have no song birds, and that the silence of the sombre woods is only broken by the screamings of parrots and cockatoos. Once, however, the writer was startled by hearing the skylark, and thought he must have been dreaming, but found afterwards that he was not mistaken, and that this was one of the transported songsters which had been sent over from this country to add one of the chief charms of English landscape to that semi-tropical continent. The writer also must have felt a strange sensation on coming one day in the bush upon a plot of raspberries growing wild, which had sprung from the seed accidentally dropped there by some settler.

With the experiences of the author of the present volume, a more attractive narrative might have been written, for two of the great sources of interest—descriptions of characteristic scenery and graphic representations of men—are especially wanting. Nevertheless, the book has its value, not only as a history of the fortunes of Mr. Polehampton, but also as containing many amusing illustrations of the state of society in the gold districts and their neighbourhood, in which the mutual relations of classes are often reversed, and the master sometimes reduced to be the servant of his former servants. One characteristic instance of the rude independence of the labourers of the community the writer became acquainted with immediately on landing, when a man who looked half brigand, half navvy, was asked to carry a portmanteau, and replied, lazily taking a hand from his pocket full of nuggets: "Perhaps I may when all the gold is gone where they come from." The "who cares for you" sort of expression is that which pervades the whole colony, and the proverbial insolence of vulgar people suddenly made rich was perhaps never so thoroughly exemplified as it is now in the society of Victoria. On the look of every storekeeper was written, Buy or go as quick as you like.

The population of Victoria, as I have said before, presents a marked contrast to that of England and Europe generally. As a rule, every man there is, may be, or expects soon to be, his own master; and the consciousness of this causes a spirit of independence to pervade the mass, collectively and individually; this feeling being more especially prevalent on the diggings. Here are no conventionalities; no touching of hats. Men meet on apparently equal terms; and he who enjoyed the standing of a gentleman in England becomes aware, on the diggings, that his wonted position in society is no longer recognized; and the man who in former days might have pulled your boots off, or served you respectfully behind a counter, shakes hands with you, and very likely hails you by a nickname, or by no name at all.

Mr. Polehampton thinks that his Australian experiences have been of great value to him, and he would not have missed them. Nevertheless, we are of opinion that his book may be taken as a lesson and warning to all above the class of skilled mechanics as to what they may expect, except with special advantages, in a colony like Victoria. We doubt much whether the majority of men of any culture would gain anything at all by working for years like a navvy and a day labourer. Mr. Polehampton has managed to turn his hardships to account, but many would have failed to do so. The book is written in an unpretending style, with little claim to any excellence except this very want of pretence. Here and there are interspersed pleasant pieces of verse, of good tone and feeling.

APOLLONIUS TYANÆUS.*

THIS is a very elaborate book on a subject which is perhaps hardly worth the trouble bestowed upon it. At present there is little interest attaching to a personage such as Apollonius of Tyana. His place in history has by this time been defined with sufficient clearness, and his life by Philostratus is mainly valuable as a sample of a peculiar class of Greek literature of the age of Lucian. M. A. Chassang has, however, thought it worth while to make a new translation of the well-known work of Philostratus, but more, as it would seem, with a view of presenting a remarkable illustration of the influence of belief in the marvellous and supernatural—a force which is always acting on human societies, but which at certain epochs acquires unusual power—than of attempting to draw any conclusions from what is at best a most apocryphal history. In Roman literature we find abundant proof of

* *Le Merveilleux dans l'Antiquité: Apollonius de Tyane, sa Vie, ses Voyages, ses Prodiges par Philostrate et ses Lettres. Ouvrages traduits du Grec par A. Chassang. Paris: Didier. 1862.*

the constantly recurring prevalence of belief in magic and witchcraft during the age of the first Emperors. Astrologers, soothsayers, and magicians were alternately the objects of persecution and the favourites of the Court. The religious doctrines of Egypt and the East found their way to Rome, sometimes in strange combinations with degraded schools of Greek philosophy, but more often under the form of abject and grovelling superstitions. The intellect of Greece, naturally sceptical, had become partially orientalized in spite of the repugnance which it had always felt for the mysticism of the East. With the growth of that influence there was an increased disposition to believe in the power of controlling invisible and supernatural agents, of foretelling events, and of effecting miraculous cures. Similar phenomena of opinion have often been witnessed in what are called enlightened ages, and if the history of human impostures and impostors were to be written, from the priests of Baal to the latest professor of spiritualism, we should find, even in the nineteenth century, traces of the same unreasoning credulity which, disregarding alike the experience of daily life and the demonstrations of practical science, gradually becomes a fanatical faith in the alleged marvels of thaumaturgists. If such things can happen in our day—if table-turning and spirit-rapping have become real beliefs in spite of the warning voice of science, and in spite too of the practical good sense of society, which is for the most part so useful in controlling and repressing the extravagance of ill-regulated and misinformed opinion—it is the less surprising that in an age which was comparatively uncivilized, and when the creeds of the old world were fast disappearing, imposture and delusion exercised a considerable sway over the human mind, and that a belief in the constant presence of supernatural powers, and in the possibility of their being called into operation by human agency, should readily find adherents. The mocking unbelief of Lucian, which no doubt represents one form of Greek thought, was probably less general than the feeling which led the people of many of the cities of Asia Minor to erect temples and statues in honour of Apollonius of Tyana.

Flavius Philostratus was born at Lemnos in the reign of Nero. At Athens and at Rome he taught as a rhetorician. As a man of letters, he received the patronage of Julia Domna, the wife of Septimius Severus. That princess already possessed a life of Apollonius by Damis a Ninevite, which she desired Philostratus to recast. Damis had been the disciple or companion of Apollonius, had written an account of his travels, and had reported the sayings and prophecies of his teacher. The book, although intelligible, was deficient in style, and did not satisfy the critical taste of the Empress. The Court rhetorician was therefore set to work, and, making use of whatever other materials he could lay his hands on, produced the memorable biography. It was probably written about a century after the death of the subject of it, and is in many respects a very curious book. Much of it is so extravagant and incredible that it is impossible to conceive that its author could have been really in earnest, though at the same time there are some few things in it mentioned by contemporary historians which do not admit of reasonable doubt. It would seem that Philostratus took the materials before him, and exaggerated and distorted them, but without any distinct object in doing so. At a subsequent period, he was charged with having composed his book as a covert attack on Christianity, and two centuries afterwards, Hierocles the Sophist ventured to compare the Life of Apollonius with the Gospels, and called forth a refutation from Eusebius. In more modern times, the same use has been made of the work of Philostratus by Lord Herbert of Chesham and Blount, whose translation of it in 1680 was the rare but valued weapon of the Deistical writers of that day. But at the time it was composed, no such intention was attributed to the author. There is no trace of such a design in the other works of Philostratus, and as yet the Paganism of the Imperial Court had no reason to fear or to defend itself against the advance of Christianity. Upon the whole, it is probable that the life of Apollonius was never deemed to be absolutely historical, either by the writer or by those for whom it was written. Philostratus, as is abundantly shown by his other works, was notoriously a lover of the marvellous, and delighted in recounting in a flowing style whatever seemed extravagant and improbable. There is a certain basis of truth in his narrative, as we know from other sources; and we may be justified in believing that some part of the history of Apollonius was so universally known at the time when the biography was written, that a careless writer, however much disposed to exaggerate, would make use of facts of which the tradition must have been preserved among the educated classes. Upon the whole, from the style, the period, and the occasion of its composition, the biography of Apollonius seems to bear the character rather of a philosophical romance, based on the life of a real man, than of an accurate narrative of events. Philostratus belongs to the same period as Apuleius and Lucian. Stories and dialogues, with or without some philosophical tinge, were the latest developments of pagan literature. He was moreover the Court *littérateur*, and wrote for the Court. His task was given to him by his patrons, and he produced what was probably considered in those days an amusing book written in an irreproachable style, but which few looked on as worthy of implicit credit, though its readers might be charmed and fascinated by the marvellous stories it contains.

Of Apollonius himself, with the exception, as we have said, of a few scattered notices in other writers, there is no history but that

of Philostratus, a most untrustworthy guide it must be admitted. Gibbon says, in a note to the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, "his life is related in so fabulous a manner by his disciples, that we are at a loss to discover whether he was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic." That view, however, is rather an extreme one. The more recent opinion is that there is a substratum of truth underlying the mass of rubbish accumulated by his biographer. Such at least is the view of Ritter in his *History of Ancient Philosophy*, who appears to us to have given the most satisfactory judgment on the matter, especially as it is founded on the character of the philosophical opinion of the age in which Apollonius lived. Ritter has pointed out how some of the Pythagorean doctrines were revived by the learned students of Alexandria, and the traces of them that may be detected in Philo Judeus. As far as we know, Apollonius had imbibed some of the doctrines of the Pythagoreans, which in his case were more intimately combined with Oriental ideas. The main feature of the revived Pythagorean philosophy was an adherence to Greek philosophy, but with a strongly marked tendency to Oriental mysticism. From mysticism to thaumaturgy is, at certain epochs of the world, an easy step, and it is certain that zealous disciples will always dwell with greater delight on the palpable results produced by the latter than on the spiritual advantages presumed to accrue from the former. M. Chassang seems to us to lay somewhat too great a stress on the thaumaturgical character of Apollonius, to the exclusion of the peculiarly Greek influences which in a great degree moulded his teaching. Apollonius appears to have combined in his teachings mysticism, philosophy, and religion, and, but for the exaggerations of his biographer, would scarcely have been deemed an impostor. There were doubtless many stories current of his miraculous gifts, which were eagerly taken up and embellished in an age so prone to believe in the supernatural; but it is more likely that his reputation while he lived was due to the zeal and power he displayed in his teaching, than to the miracles which he was alleged in a later age to have performed. To what extent he sought to practise on the credulity of mankind cannot now be decided. The charge of being addicted to the study of magic art, and the reputation of having effected miraculous cures, do not necessarily prove him to have been an impostor.

Apollonius was born at Tyana, a Greek city in Cappadocia, about the commencement of the Christian era. At an early age he became imbued with the doctrines of the Pythagorean sect, and, having gathered what learning he could from his Greek masters, visited several of the principal cities of Asia Minor. He is next reported to have travelled to Babylon, and to have conversed with the Magians. He then proceeded to India, accompanied by his faithful disciple Damis. Philostratus reports innumerable dialogues that passed between the two on their journey, which read, for the most part, like the exercises of a rhetorician, whilst the narrative of the journey seems to be an imitation of Herodotus, and a compilation of the popular stories of the geography and the nations of the East. On his return westwards, we are told that the fame of his wisdom was very widely spread. At Smyrna, he allayed the factious quarrels of the citizens, and restored tranquillity. At Ephesus, he predicted a pestilence, which he is said to have made to cease by destroying an evil spirit who appeared in the form of a beggar. At Pergamus he was not less successful, and performed many marvellous cures. At Troy, he had an interview and a long conversation with the ghost of Achilles, and after wandering in Greece arrived finally at Rome. By his predictions he awakened the fears, but by his miraculous powers escaped the vengeance, of Nero. However, as the tyrant had decreed the banishment of all philosophers from Rome, he thought it more prudent to depart, and continued his travels in Spain, Africa, and Egypt. Wherever he went he attracted disciples, and by his teaching endeavoured to reform the people that he came among. At length he was accused in the reign of Domitian of practising magic arts, and was imprisoned, but, as it is stated, escaped miraculously. Shortly afterwards he is said to have died, but to have appeared after death to a young man at Tyana who had ventured to disbelieve in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Temples were erected in his honour, his name was held in veneration or in superstitious awe, and when the victorious Aurelian entered Tyana after a protracted siege, he treated the citizens with mercy from reverence for the name of Apollonius.

It is not necessary for our present purpose to go minutely into the incidents of a life which fills several books. The miracles ascribed to Apollonius have been keenly disputed by the Fathers of the Church, and have been either denied or attributed to the agency of evil spirits. The latter hypothesis is rendered superfluous by the absence of all positive evidence except the semi-fabulous testimony of Philostratus. It is indeed probable that the writer was cognizant of the history of the Founder of Christianity, and took from it embellishments to adorn his work, as he would have done from any other source, in the same manner that he made use of the works of Greek travellers and geographers for the description of the countries visited by his hero. Neither is there any passage in which Christianity is even indirectly alluded to, much less attacked. If any part of the history of Apollonius be true, it is that which represents him as an earnest, self-denying teacher, who had in his early youth become impregnated with the doctrines of Pythagoras, as they were at that day understood. In much, it may be believed, he went beyond or misunderstood Pythagoras; perhaps he was less mystical, and was less zealous for the scien-

tific than the ethical doctrines of the school. He believed in the efficacy of prayer and religious meditation, and thought that by inarticulate devotion might be derived a larger knowledge of what is divine and superhuman. He constantly reproved the corruptions which had been introduced into the public worship of paganism; he preferred the old and simple forms of devotion; and, above all, he insisted on the practice of a pure morality, which he enforced alike by precept and example. (Vid. iii. 30, 41; iv. 19.)

Thus far it will be seen we have had to do with two points—the value of Philostratus as a historian, and the character of Apollonius and his career. The view that we have given is that of Ritter, the learned author of the *History of Ancient Philosophy*, which has been adopted on high authority at Oxford. M. Chassang's argument is somewhat different, and we think scarcely sustainable. He is of opinion that the writings of Philostratus are only to be explained by that author's peculiar passion for the marvellous, and he does not seem to us to have taken sufficient account of the state of opinion and the condition of Greek philosophy at the time of Apollonius. However, as we only wish to do justice to a careful scholar, we will translate some of the passages to his introduction, in which his views are expressed:—

The name of Apollonius of Tyana has obtained a great celebrity. Apollonius was not only in his own lifetime honoured as a sage, but by some he was feared as a magician and by others adored as a god, or at least venerated as a supernatural being. His renown for a time seemed to constitute a danger for the primitive Church. In the seventeenth century anti-Christian controversialists found in his life a whole armoury of weapons. But by this time his divinity has vanished, his philosophy has been exploded, and we can only find in Apollonius a worker of wonders. At one time regarded as the successor of Pythagoras and the rival of our Saviour, he now appears to us merely in the light of a predecessor of Swedenborg.

The true key to this work is the *Heroica*, written by the same Philostratus. There are several points of connexion and resemblance between the two. In each may be discerned the same literary ambition, the same taste for the marvellous, and the repeated use made of the same subject, as, for instance, in the stories of the ghost of Achilles, and of the hero Palamedes. Both ought to be classed among the romantic works of the ancients. M. l'Abbé Freppel carries this view still further, and after admitting that this singular composition is not wanting in merit as a literary work, he institutes a formal comparison between it and Cervantes, and discovers in Apollonius a kind of philosophical Don Quixote, who goes through the world in search of adventures and combats, and who flad in Damis his Sancho Panza.

The conclusion at which M. Chassang arrives is, that, so far as Philostratus goes, we can only look upon Apollonius as a magician or thaumaturge. He seems to regard his biography as a book consecrated to philosophy—in a word, an idealized portrait of one of the last representatives of the wisdom of antiquity. Now it may very well be that the successful rhetorician may have cared more for making his book attractive than for investigating philosophical truth; but it is also possible that the least marvellous portions of his work furnish the best guide to the character of Apollonius. M. Chassang thinks that the superficial, confused, and incomplete account supplied by Philostratus fails to establish the philosophical position of Apollonius. Ritter, on the other hand, judging from the state of philosophical opinion at the time, and arguing from what slight traces can be detected, believes Apollonius to have been a neo-Pythagorean strongly imbued with the learning and the superstitions of the East.

THE EARLY BOOKS OF LIVY.*

THE early history of Rome has undergone some strange ups and downs within the memory of man. A generation which is hardly yet extinct believed it as it stood. The few sceptical critics who went before Niebuhr made no impression at all on the world at large, and very little on the special world of historical students. Then came Niebuhr's own marvellous work, which, for a while, fascinated everybody. Niebuhr pulled down, but he pulled down only in order to build up. If he taught us to disbelieve the old history, he gave us a new history of his own making to believe instead of it. For a while, he reigned without a rival. English scholars did little else than reproduce his dogmas in other forms. Bishop Thirlwall himself became one of his translators. He found his faithful prophets in the eloquent volumes of Arnold and in the accurate, if dry, summary of Keightley. In the Oxford Schools, everybody took up the first Decade of Livy, and an examination in the first Decade of Livy practically meant an examination in Niebuhr. Against this sort of supremacy a reaction was sure to set in before long. A writer could not maintain his reign for ever whose statements so often rested, not on any tangible evidence, but on a power of "divination" vested in Niebuhr himself. The reaction came, and possibly, after the manner of reactions, it has gone too far. The first signs of rebellion were shown by certain writers who, without departing from Niebuhr's general method, ventured to dispute several of his particular conclusions. Such were Dr. Ihne and Mr. Francis Newman. Mr. Newman indeed astonished all the world, except *Punch*, by his unusual powers of faith. Much that Niebuhr had rejected Mr. Newman believed. *Punch*, to be sure, made a facetious poem about his power of unbelief, but that was clearly because *Punch* had never heard of Niebuhr, and fancied that Mr.

Newman was the first who had wandered astray from the orthodox faith of Lempriere. To the same class we may perhaps refer the last history of Rome, that of Mommsen, who, like Niebuhr, pulls down and builds up, but who, unlike Niebuhr, vexes the souls of his readers by never quoting authorities. Meanwhile, a blow had fallen from a hand whose blows never fall lightly. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, not content with assailing this or that conclusion of Niebuhr, assailed his whole system, scoffed at the power of divination like a blaspheming Ennius, denied the right of any man to assert anything which he could not prove, and maintained that next to nothing could be proved as to the times embraced in the first Decade of Livy. The one fact of early Roman history for which real contemporary evidence could be shown, was the fact, in its driest and barest shape, that Rome was taken by the Gauls. Roman history, in the highest and fullest sense of the word, began only with the war with Pyrrhus. From that time onward, the narrative, however perverted and misunderstood, could be traced to contemporary writers. Before that, we had at most, in the very last days of the earlier period, an inscription or two here and there, whose evidence for the most part contradicted the statements of Livy. Sir G. C. Lewis did not indeed deny that many of the leading events in earlier times had a real historical groundwork. He only laid down that, in the absence of contemporary evidence, it is impossible to distinguish the truth from the falsehood. Possibly, Sir G. C. Lewis went too far, or possibly it is merely the shock given to all preconceived notions which made us feel, rather than think, that he did so. Possibly, a sober critic like himself might sometimes have been able to distinguish the groundwork of truth below the superstructure of myth or of panegyric. But, anyhow, Sir G. C. Lewis did infinite service in utterly discrediting the wild notion of "divination," and in exposing the reckless dogmatism with which Niebuhr had imposed upon the world statements unsupported by a shadow of evidence. His work, alike in Roman, Egyptian, and Assyrian matters, is indeed purely negative. But then a purely negative work was just what was needed. What unauthorized assumptions want is simply to be upset, not to have other unauthorized assumptions raised up instead of them. The result of Sir G. C. Lewis's labours is, in effect, to wipe Niebuhr out altogether, and to leave the early books of Livy as a beautiful story, a sort of prose *Iliad*, which we may read and enjoy without believing it. For history he would send us to the later days of Rome—to those mighty struggles with Hannibal and Philip which have been so strangely neglected for myths about Romulus and Coriolanus. But we suppose that Sir G. C. Lewis would not forbid us to believe that, here and there, detached bits of history do crop out both in Homer and in Livy. We cannot but believe that the prophecy of Poseidon about Æneas is a genuine bit of history of Homer's own time. It at once utterly upsets the legend of the Trojan origin of Rome, and shows that in Homer's day (whenever that was) an Ænead dynasty was actually reigning in the Troad. So in Livy we here and there see that the historian is not speaking his own words, but is copying from somebody who understood things better than himself. That Livy over and over again confounds *Plebs* and *Populus* is no argument for the identity of the two bodies. He is simply speaking the language of an age when the distinction had been effaced. But one such expression as a thing being done "*A Plebe, consensu Populi*," proves a great deal the other way. These are not the words of Titus Livius, nor even words which Titus Livius understood. It is plain that he is simply repeating, like a parrot, the words of some earlier and better informed writer, and we may, on that evidence alone, set down the original distinction between *Plebs* and *Populus* as a real fact in Roman constitutional history.

It marks a change indeed from the ideas which were current in past times that we now find a school-book, a set of selections from the first five books of Livy, sent into the world as *Tales of Early Rome*. A generation back, boys would have been set to read them as so much grave history, just as their sisters are set to read those dull echoes of them which find their way into Establishments for Young Ladies. Mr. Parry's mind, as perhaps becomes his position, is clearly more set upon the construing than upon the matter, but the matter is not neglected, and it is evident that the legends of Romulus, Servius, and the rest of them, are presented to the youth of Leamington "College" as they should be—simply as "*Tales*." Mr. Parry "purposely abstains from adding dates, in a case where the chronology is so worthless." He might, we think, however, have given a date to the Taking of Rome by the Gauls, as that at least is a real event, the date of which is pretty well fixed.

The great difficulty which stands in the way of accepting what passes for early Roman history as mere tales, is the political character of so large a portion of it. Tales of gods and demi-gods fill up but a small part of it. The main subjects of these tales are the wars, the institutions, the political conduct, of kings, consuls, and tribunes, told often with as much detail as any contemporary narrative in Polybius or Clarendon. It does require an effort to cast away long accounts of political disputes, speeches, secessions, conspiracies, as equally mythical with the exploits of Achilles and Agamemnon. Yet this we must do, at all events for the period before the Gaulish invasion. Up to that invasion all is chaos; all records have perished; we can be sure of nothing; we can at most believe, as Sir G. C. Lewis himself does, that a few of the more striking events are probably historical. But this amount of belief is no more than most people are ready to give to the Dorian migration—many even to the Trojan war. It is with

* *Origines Romanae*; or, *Tales of Early Rome*; selected from the first five Books of Livy. By the Rev. E. St. John Parry, M.A. London: Longman & Co.

the Gaulish invasion that Mr. Parry very properly stops. After that event we begin gradually to approach the limits of real history. Details are still utterly uncertain, but we get names of real men, and accounts of warfare and legislation the general results of which there is no reason to doubt. The Licinian Laws and the Samnite wars are doubtless real events. Though we have no contemporary history of them, yet that such laws were passed, and such wars were waged, rests upon quite sufficient evidence. The error lies in attempting to know every detail about them — to deal with them as we fairly may by the legislation of the Gracchi and the campaigns of the Scipios. Here, then, is a real distinction between the two periods; but it is one of which Livy had very little practical notion. He draws it, indeed, in form, at the beginning of his Sixth Book, but in his narrative he seems to know just as much about the former period as about the latter. These political details give a false appearance of truth to much that is as truly mythical as any story about Zeus or Apollo. The political character of the tales, in fact, goes back to the very beginning. The political history of Rome, if we like to believe it, begins with Romulus and Titus Tatius. That Romulus made a treaty with Tatius is in itself more credible than that he was suckled by a wolf, but there is no more historical evidence for the one story than for the other. The treaty must be set down as equally mythical with the wolf-suckling. The political character of the Roman legends, as we have them, arises from two causes:—One is the genius of the people, ever political and legislative, and which threw its very romance and legend into the form of the events in which it took most interest; the other is the lateness of the authors from whom we gain our knowledge of the old Roman stories. Except two or three notices of Polybius, we have nothing earlier than Livy and Dionysius. In Greece the case is quite different—we get our myths straight from Homer and the poets, and our half-mythical history from the prose poet Herodotus. But we see also the sort of thing into which Greek myths might easily be turned. The hero Theseus became a political personage, just like any of the heroes of Rome. He united the various towns of Attica into one city—sometimes he actually founded the Athenian democracy. Thucydides gives us his view—one quite practical and political—of the Trojan war. Euripides turns the heroes of Homer into the rhetors and sophists of his own day. Now in the case of Rome we have lost the tales in their earlier form—we have them only in the shape which they assumed when this process had been far more fully carried out upon them than it ever was upon the myths of Greece. We see them only as they stood after successive writers had, doubtless in perfect good faith, digested them into a consistent political history. Livy and Dionysius were but copyists of copyists. Livy, with his splendid powers of narrative, told his tale attractively—Dionysius told it stupidly. But for that very reason Dionysius is still more practical and political than Livy. With him the poetical or romantic element, which is still alive in Livy, vanishes as completely as in Thucydides' version of the Trojan war. But the narrative of Dionysius is not thereby rendered one whit more historical than the narrative of Livy. In fact, so far as there can be said to be any truth in the matter, Livy is the truer of the two. His tales have at least a sort of poetic truth—those of Dionysius have not even this.

Mr. Parry's little book seems well adapted for its purpose. His notes are simple and straightforward enough. But it is odd that he should twice—so it is no mere misprint—speak of Sextus Tarquinius as *Sextius*, which is much as if one should call King John King Jones, or as when a Frenchman talks about Williams Pitt. Mr. Parry gets on rather dangerous ground when he says that the apparently Greek names in the early Roman stories "show that these tales are derived from a Pelasgian source." If Mr. Parry knows anything about the Pelasgians, he has greatly the advantage of us. Also, as Mr. Parry is writing English and not French, we cannot conceive why he should (p. 117) talk about Hippia practising a "*ruse*," or hope in his Preface to "diminish the *ennui* of master and boy." But these are small matters which may easily be improved in another edition. Mr. Parry has produced a very good and useful school-book, and we owe him our thanks for the line of thought into which his selections from Livy have led us.

MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR HENSLOW.

THE characteristic portrait of Professor Henslow, photographed from his bust by Woolner, which is prefixed to the present memoir, will recall to several generations of Cambridge men the features of one of the most familiar and most honoured members of the University. None of those who ever joined the botanical professor in one of his field-days to Gamlingay, bringing back in triumph some live specimens of that rare toad, the natter-jack, will read without emotion the instructive memoir which his brother-in-law, Mr. Jenyns, has here given us of this single-minded and zealous naturalist. We will follow this interesting biographical record as succinctly as we can.

John Stevens Henslow was born at Rochester in 1796. His devotion to natural history was marked at a very early age. "He

showed his ingenuity, as well as his fondness for natural objects, by making the model of a caterpillar." And while yet a child in a frock he dragged home from a considerable distance a fungus, *lycopodon giganteum*, almost as big as himself. Having received Levaillant's *Travels in Africa* as a school-prize, the boy was seized with a strong desire to explore the mysterious interior of that continent, and the wish was not abandoned for many years. However, his parents and friends steadily refused their consent, and in 1814 Henslow was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. He obtained high mathematical honours in 1818, having studied, during his undergraduate's course, mineralogy under Dr. Daniel Clarke and chemistry under Professor Cumming. After taking his degree, he devoted himself to geology in company with Professor Sedgwick, and had a great share in the establishment of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. The first professorship which he held was that of Mineralogy, but in 1825 he succeeded Mr. Martyn in the Chair of Botany. Mr. Jenyns, who is himself a distinguished naturalist, gives a detailed account of Professor Henslow's zealous efforts in his new position. The new Botanical Gardens at Cambridge are, perhaps, the most conspicuous monument of his energetic labours. His method of teaching and lecturing was always attractive and successful:—

One great assistance he derived from his admirable skill in drawing. His illustrations and diagrams representing all the essential parts of plants characteristic of their structure and affinities, many of them highly coloured, were on such a scale that when stuck up they could be plainly seen from every part of the lecture-room. He used also to have "demonstrations" (as he called them) from living specimens. For this purpose he would provide the day before a large number of specimens of some of the more common plants, such as the primrose, and other species easily obtained and in flower at that season of the year, which the pupils, following their teacher during his explanation of the several parts, pulled to pieces for themselves. These living plants were placed in baskets on a side table in the lecture-room, with a number of wooden plates and other requisites for dissecting them after a rough fashion, each student providing himself with what he wanted before taking his seat.

The biographer proceeds to describe Professor Henslow's famous herboring excursions round Cambridge, which became so popular that his party was often joined, not only by entomologists and students of other branches of natural science, but by many who went for the mere sake of exercise and amusement. After his marriage in 1823, Mr. Henslow took orders, and became curate of one of the Cambridge parishes. His residence in the University was thus prolonged for fifteen years, during which time he succeeded, by his personal efforts, in giving an impetus to the study of natural science which the recent changes in the academic course have failed to maintain. Among Henslow's pupils are reckoned some of the most eminent living naturalists, including Darwin, Berkeley, Lowe, Miller, and Babington—the last being his successor in his chair. Mr. Darwin contributes to this memoir a very interesting account of his recollections of his old teacher, both in his public and private life. It was Henslow's practice to hold a *soirée* once a week, to which everyone was welcomed who studied any branch of natural science. Of these parties, all who remember them speak with enthusiasm. The modesty, kindness, truthfulness, and playfulness of the host are the theme of universal praise. Mr. Darwin remarks, that towards the close of his life the only change observable in the Professor was that he "cared somewhat less about science and more for his parishioners." He concludes with a true but clumsily-expressed sentence:—"Reflecting over his character with gratitude and reverence, his moral attributes rise, as they should do in the highest character, in pre-eminence over his intellect."

During all these early years of his married life, Henslow's income was very straitened. The endowment of the Professorship was under 200*l.*; and the paltry stipend of a curate in addition did not enable him to dispense with the toilsome necessity of spending five or six hours a day "in cramming men for their degrees." But in 1832, Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, presented him to a living in Berkshire, which he was able to serve without ceasing to reside in the University. Here follows in his life a curious political episode. Having been a warm supporter of Lord Palmerston, so long as he was the Tory member for the University, Mr. Henslow followed his lordship in his change of politics on the accession of William IV. Nor was he content with a silent change of opinion. In 1835 he signaled himself by becoming the prosecutor in an action for bribery against Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, who had defeated Professor Pryme in a contested election for the borough. This step was much commented upon at the time as being unbecoming in a clergyman. His biographer does not excuse it, but urges that it was a proof of high moral courage. At any rate it had its reward; for two years afterwards Lord Melbourne—who had almost given him the bishopric of Norwich—promoted him to the well-endowed rectory of Hitcham, in Norfolk, which he continued to hold till his death.

Professor Henslow's removal from Cambridge to Hitcham had an injurious effect upon the study of natural science in the University. The Ray Club, an institution which still flourishes, was founded to supply in some measure the want of the *soirées* which have been already mentioned. But the Professor found to his deep regret, when he came up annually to deliver his lectures in the May Term, that his botanical class was considerably less than it used to be. His biography now takes a new phase, and for a time we see him face to face with the alienated population of a neglected and demoralized parish. He is said to have found the

* *Memoir of the Rev. John Stevens Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., late Rector of Hitcham, and Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. Leonard Jenyns. London: Van Voorst. 1862.

people at Hitcham "sunk almost to the lowest depth of moral and physical debasement." The methods adopted by the new rector for reforming his parishioners were uncommon and highly characteristic of the man. "He wisely began with trying the expedient of winning them over by kindness and conciliation." Accordingly, he got up a cricket-club, and encouraged ploughing-matches, and all sorts of manly games. He gave every year an exhibition of fireworks on the rectory lawn; and he tried to interest the more intelligent of his people in his museum of natural and artificial curiosities. Of course he established a school, in which, almost from the first, he made botany one of the lessons in the regular course of instruction. The allotment system, which he succeeded in introducing in spite of the opposition of the farmers, was, however, perhaps the most beneficial of all his measures. In his attempts to raise the condition of the labourers he did not neglect the interests of their employers. He endeavoured to assist his farmers by his scientific knowledge in improving their methods of husbandry; and delivered admirable lectures to the Hadleigh Farmers' Club on such subjects as the fermentation of manures. These papers were afterwards collected and published, with a useful glossary of terms. We wish we had space for some extracts from these racy and humorous addresses. They met with a very favourable welcome, and contributed not a little to "the conversion," as he expressed it, "of the art of husbandry into the science of agriculture." Before long, Professor Henslow instituted Horticultural Shows, on which festive occasions there was always a museum of curiosities, with "lectures" (as he called them), at short intervals, besides a distribution of prizes, games for the children, and tea for the visitors of all ages. In all this it is curious to observe that the place which music occupies now-a-days as a civilizing element in most well-worked rural parishes was supplied at Hitcham by botany. But botany, in Professor Henslow's hands, was anything but a dry study. It is, however, very difficult to believe that his parish children could learn—as we are here assured that they did—to spell properly, and to understand the technical terms of that science. There were three botanical classes; and admission to the very lowest was denied to any child who could not spell, among other words, the terms Angiospermous, Glumaceous, and Monocotyledons. Mr. Jenyns speaks of the "success that attended these botanical lessons as an educational measure;" and we are told that the method has been taken up by the Committee of Council on Education. The true moral, however, from this attempt is this, that in the hands of an energetic and single-minded clergyman any art or science may be made a useful instrument in raising the intellectual and even moral tone of his parishioners. In many respects Professor Henslow was before the age in organizing schemes which have since become not uncommon. For example, when he found that his parishioners had no holiday except a day at Whitsuntide, he substituted for his tithe-audit dinner a parochial excursion, sometimes to Ipswich, sometimes to Cambridge, Norwich, Felixstowe, and even to London. We are told that on these occasions the party numbered 200 souls. Mr. Jenyns apologizes more than is necessary for the secular character of these schemes, and takes needless pains to assure his readers that the spiritual interests of Hitcham were not neglected. More than enough has been said to show that Mr. Henslow, though not a partisan, held strong religious convictions, and was a man of deep personal piety. From this topic, which is delicately handled, and without any of the breaches of confidence too often found in religious biography, Mr. Jenyns goes on to describe Professor Henslow's connexion with the Ipswich Museum, the London University, and the establishment of the Natural Sciences Tripos at Cambridge. He also points out the especial characteristics of the Professor's method of scientific investigation, and the chief discoveries in natural history which are due to him. The end was now approaching. In 1861 a complication of diseases, the result, as it is thought, of a long overtasking both of mind and body, brought him to his death-bed. During his last illness, he was able to take the most lively interest in his own case, in a physiological point of view:—

In the face of inevitably increasing sufferings he set himself to watch the successive symptoms of approaching dissolution, all of which he desired should be communicated to him by his medical attendants, with whom he discussed them as a philosopher, and without the most distant reference to himself as being the subject of them.

Yet Mr. Jenyns shows, in a very pathetic narrative of the words and thoughts of his brother-in-law's last illness, that he was not only a model of patience and resignation, but an example of ardent Christian faith and charity. Few things are more touching than the account of Professor Sedgwick's last visit to his old friend and colleague. We close this volume with hearty thanks to the biographer for the vivid and instructive picture which he has drawn of the life and death of a true Christian philosopher.

PHYSIOGLYPHICS.*

WHEN the History of Human Folly—that promised work in a hundred and fifty folio volumes—is written, how many books will it take to comprise the catalogue of those who have constructed systems of Universal Mythology, "Scripture and

Heathenism Reconciled," "Harmony of the Mosaic and Pagan Cosmogonies," &c.? From St. Isidore of Seville down to Mrs. Elizabeth Cottle, an amusing but melancholy chain of writers might be constructed, consisting of those ingenious people who have used etymology much in the way which Swift ridiculed in the tract which derived "Jupiter" from "Jew Peter." Mr. William Upton is not much more insane than might have been expected, considering that for twenty years he has been employed in excogitating a universal system of interpretation which he calls "the Japetic Philosophy," and which supplies the key to the interpretation of all history, sacred and profane, proving to demonstration that every name of every place, person, and thing occurring in ancient mythology and classical history—that is, every fact in language and history, tradition and mystic religion—is significant of the laws and relations of physical astronomy and natural philosophy, as detailed more particularly in the Mosaic Pentateuch. It is out of our power to give even a sketch of this fantastic dream; but we may offer a specimen of it.

The first colonists of Greece were Carians; and an elder branch of the Carians were the Leleges; and of these the eldest tribe was that of the Lacedemonians. Let all this pass. Every word of it might be contested, as perhaps might any other ethnological theory. But here is, according to Mr. Upton, its connexion with philology. "But who was this mysterious Lelex, the most darkly shrouded of all the fugitive personages of antiquity? To understand thoroughly who he was, we must compare the beginning of Genesis with the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. The Greek word *eleze* signifies *He said*." Perhaps, rather unfortunately, the Greek word *eleze* does not occur in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel; nor in the New Testament at all. Never mind—"eleze signifies *He said*;" and by dropping the final *e*, and prefixing *L*, we have the personification *Lelex*, implying a complete and final utterance The Divine Word is passed over; but that *light* is personified as *Eurotas*—i. e., the *beautifully flowing*." That is to say, the ancient myth tells us that Eurotas was the grandson of Lelex; which, being interpreted, means, that Lelex is God the Father, (while God the Son is omitted in the mythical genealogy,) but *Light*, which *God said* "Let there be," is personified in Eurotas, because Eurotas meant *beautifully flowing*, which is a "surpassingly appropriate title of light." "No slight proof," says Mr. Upton, "that the framers of mythology knew the full truth as stated by St. John." Another interpretation, and we have done. "Lycurgus"—does not everybody see this?—"denotes the *working out of light*." *Lyc*, light—urgus, *working out*. "Now, what is it that works out light? Answer: the stars." One might have thought the sun, or a flint and steel. But Mr. Upton says, "the stars." And this accounts for the remarkable institution of Lycurgus, which—we quite believe it—"has never been thought of by modern philosophers." "As the stars seem to wink at clandestine doings, even theft, if successful, was, in the laws of Lycurgus, exempt from punishment." Nor is this all. Stars work out light, as we have seen, therefore, Lycurgus = stars working out light, "allowed nothing but *iron* money to pass current." It was, we own, some time before we saw the connexion between Lycurgus—i. e., stars working out light—and the Lacedemonian coinage. The acute reader doubtless has anticipated our tardy recollection, that *sideros* in Greek means "iron," and *sidus* in Latin means a "star;" and he sees at once that Mr. Upton really has got a key which fits many wards.

We are ready to admit that parallels to this nonsense may possibly be brought from the ravings of the school which owns Jacob Bryant as its Coryphæus, and that Mr. Upton's etymological frenzy has perhaps been equalled. But for his Physioglyphics he may claim the merit of absolute and entire novelty. The name has been settled on analogical principles. *Hieroglyphics*—i. e., representations of sounds used for sacred purposes; *physioglyphics*, therefore, is a term which may be very fitly applied to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, because they "are rude glyphical representations either of, or in reference to, those organs of speech to which they respectively belong. They thus have *natural* meanings attached to them, for they represent the sounds belonging to those organs, and such *natural* significancy as the sounds are supposed to possess." Mr. Upton gives an instance in the letter *n*. "The Hebrew form of this letter is the rough outline of a prominent nose." That *n* was the initial of *nose* we could see as plainly as the nose itself; but, till Mr. Upton told us so, we should have as soon thought that *j* is the rough outline of a prominent nose as the rough outline of a *knocker*—as, for the purpose, we beg to spell the word *knocker*. "Now, the *nose* is the *natural* organ for the passing in and out of the breath; and therefore the idea naturally connected with it is that of *transmission*." But surely the same might be said of *m*. The Hebrew form of this letter *m*, we remark, is the rough outline of an open mouth, which it resembles quite as closely as *j* resembles a nose. Now, the mouth is the natural organ for the passing in of beef and mutton and the passing out of breath; therefore the idea connected with *m* is that of transmission, which is quite as good a piece of Physioglyphics as Mr. Upton's, when he says that *n* is the symbol of transmission. Hence follow mysteries of mysteries. Here is one. "Recalling here the Greek *ous*, in a general sense of a sunken impression"—a sense, let us remember, singularly preserved in the Saxon *mouse* which sinks into a hole, and *house*, or, in the London dialect, *ouse*, which leaves "a sunken impression" by driving its foundations into the ground—"and prefixing *n* as an initial, we have the Greek word *nous*, signifying the mind. It may be asked how the natural force of *n*—which, it will not be for-

* *The Japetic Philosophy, and Physioglyphics; or, Natural Philology.* By W. Upton, B.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Elliott.

gotten, signifies a nose—"can be shown in the meaning. But this is really a most beautiful and significant allusion to the manner in which animals in general investigate their food—viz., by thrusting their noses into hay and other articles, to ascertain their quality. Man, too, employs his nose for this purpose; and the allusion will appear still more expressive and appropriate when it is considered that *nous* more strictly denotes the mind in its investigating character."

We must say that the identification, thus established by Mr. Upton, of the nose with the *nous*, opens up a whole chapter in mental and moral physiology. When we poke our noses into other people's concerns, we are certainly employing a process of investigation, but this use of the nasal organ is considered to be more concerned with impertinence than with *nous*. The mystery of snuff-taking is, however, resolved. We titillate the *nous* rather than the nose; and we stimulate the brain by pricking the nostrils. Horace must have connected the nose with the *nous* when he spoke of a clear understanding under the figure of a cleanly nose, *emuncti naris*. The Talicottian operation will doubtless come into renewed vogue after this discovery. By taking a nasal graft from Herschel, a clodhopper may become an astronomer; and to develop into a poet will only require a nose scion taken from Laureate Close. In a pocket handkerchief we can discern an intellectual instrument, and in the varieties of nose can be distinguished diversities of mental and moral idiosyncrasy. We have henceforth but to look at a man's nose, to tell his intellectual character and capacities. The aquiline nose is only the outward and visible sign of mental sharpness; the cock-up nose is connected with heavenly meditations; and the snub and flattened nose of African type is significant of the imperfect intellect of the negro races. Nosology will henceforth take rank, not as a science of disease, but as a system of the mental powers; and when physiologists assert that man is the only animal who is blessed with a proper nose, this is only another way of expressing the old definition, *animal rationale, q. d., naso præditum*. Mr. Upton has contributed another chapter to Slawkenbergianism, for which Sterne would have been grateful.

Mr. Upton proceeds:—"But the syllable *nos* does represent the nose, in the Greek *nosos*, a disease, referring originally to a cold, as indicated by a dripping at the nose. It also appears in *onos*, the Greek name for an ass, the animal distinguished for its nose." This, again, is important, and the discovery is capable of further illustration. A dripping at the nose is generally considered an infirmity of age, as in the homely rhyme—

I do not love an old man, and I'll tell you the reason why,
His nose is always dripping, and his chin is never dry.

Such a prejudice is unjust. The humid nose is only the sign of the flux of wisdom, and when Homer described the honey-flowing speech of Nestor, he physiologically indicated the Pylian sage in an incipient case of catarrh. To the identification of nose and *nous* with *onos*, "an ass," we can entirely assent. At any rate, Mr. Upton's *nous*, as displayed in this publication, remarkably illustrates one half at least of his favourite thesis.

DE LOS RIOS'S SPANISH LITERATURE.*

THE work before us has been commenced on a scale of considerable magnitude, and includes matters which we could not have supposed any ingenuity capable of bringing together under the title. We were not prepared to find in such a book elaborate notices of Seneca, Lucan, Martial, Hyginus, and others, whom we had hitherto considered as Latin rather than Spanish authors—as having been born, indeed, in the Peninsula, but not having exercised more influence there than a Patavian or a Mantuan writer may be credited with. Nor do we excuse this superfluity because some of these pagan authors have been ingeniously compared, or may be compared hereafter, with some of the poets and historians of Castile—as, for instance, Lucan with Gongora—seeing that this connexion has resulted from individual tastes, and that the discussion of it need not have been formally anticipated at such a distance. This method detains us needlessly on the threshold of the subject; and the author who adopts it must seem to have been unduly biased by local predilection, or by a cherished, though ill-supported, theory of the continuous unity of the "Hispano-Latin" race. We will not so much complain of the copious observations which Don Amador De los Rios bestows on the literary Christian prelates of the Peninsula, even from the time of the Emperor Constantine; for these men were, of course, bound to exert themselves for the salvation of their immediate neighbours, and must, without doubt, have done much to originate various local institutions and traditions, such as afterwards obstinately maintained their ground under the Vandal invaders or Visigothic occupiers of the country. Under the latter, the church and the cloister became a refuge for the conquered Roman race, within whose limits alone they could, before the third Council of Toledo, exert themselves towards recovering their lost franchises and dignities. These were times, then, in which the clerical writers had an immense political and social influence, and in which their controversial habits, as the late Mr. Buckle has observed, began to leave a permanent stamp on popular character and manners in Spain. Many of the subjects of which they treat do not properly belong to elegant literature; and their language is still a corrupt Latin, of which the irregularities can

but throw a faint and partial light on the formation of the Castilian dialect, as their deviations from classical prosody may illustrate the growth of the national verse. But the importance of their writings is no doubt considerable in an historic view. The number of these authors is thinned in the seventh century, and the series is terminated by the great Saracen invasion, at which epoch the present volume leaves us.

The method pursued by Don Amador De los Rios in discussing the general history of Spanish literature has been exhibited, within a smaller compass, in his investigations respecting the "Jews in Spain." He evinces much care and industry in examining the traditions of style and scholarship, the models which his authors may have kept before their eyes, and the revolutions in popular opinion and culture by which they have been influenced, or to which they have lent an impulse. But his criticism wants taste and spirit in regard to their spontaneous peculiarities and the amount of natural talent and original thought that may be found in each of them. His patriotic affectations, and his continual inclination to an inflated and panegyric style, tend to raise to a uniform level many works materially unequal in brilliancy and in utility. He has, moreover, accustomed himself to cherish such an admiration for the wisdom of the middle ages that he often forgets the gulf which separates it from the philosophy of modern readers; and he is readily carried away by the reasonings or passions of old controversialists whose power to move the human mind might have been supposed altogether extinct.

Before we re-criticize any of the more complex or celebrated works to which Don Amador De los Rios has called attention, we will illustrate the tendencies of which we have spoken by the manner in which he deals with an obscure favourite of his. The first Christian poet of the "Hispano-Latin race" whom he introduces, and one of whom he seems resolved to make the most he can, is Juvenecus—a contemporary of Prudentius's whilom mentioned by a French critic, as having turned the Gospels into bad hexameters. Here he has the policy to tell us, at the outset, that the author of the *Historia Evangelica* has been censured in an extravagant degree by the purists of the Renaissance for his corrupt Latinity, and for not having adorned his verse with the mythological allusions so dear to his classical predecessors. On the first count, readers will readily excuse him, if they weigh the needs of an earnest man writing for the edification of his contemporaries; and the second charge will most likely be met with their unqualified approbation. Presently they will find vague phrases slipped in about the "enthusiasm" of Juvenecus, and the high sources from which he derived his "inspiration;" while we are reminded, by way of contrast, of the stale and futile topics that were treated by contemporary pagan poets. Then is cited the aphorism of Feyjoo, that enthusiasm can constitute a poet even where invention is absent; and thus an impression is left on the unwary reader that Juvenecus was enthusiastic, and, perhaps, that his lack of invention has been implied in that abstinence from mythological allusions which has been already set down to his credit. Such views are suggested in behalf of a work which scarcely presents any traces of fervour, imagination, or even thought—a mechanically transformed version, which hardly departs from the language of its originals, and this only by the commonest tricks of poetic diction. Such turns are visible in a description of a storm, which our critic couples, in a vile antithesis, with Virgil's description in the first *Æneid*, showing that "the muse of Juvenecus, while less rich and ostentatious, is more profound and concentrated." We leave the passage to plead for itself:—

Conscendunt navem, ventoque inflata tumescunt
Vela suo, fluctuque volat stridente carina.
Postquam altum tenuit puppis, consurgere in iras
Pontus et immensis hinc inde tumescere ventis
Instat, et ad cælum rabidos sustollere montes,
Et nunc mole ferit puppim, nunc turbine proram.
Illisocque super laterum tabulata receptant
Fluctus, disjectoque aperitur terra profundo.
Interea in puppi somnum carpebat Iesus. . . .

We further, however, find the style of Juvenecus commended for its terseness and simplicity; and these qualities certainly stand him in good stead in such passages as the following, which corresponds to the commencement of the Sermon on the Mount—

Felicis humiles, pauper quos spiritus ambit;
Illos nam cæli regnum sublime receptat.
His similes mites, quos mansuetudo coronat,
Quorum debetur juri pulcherrima tellus.
Hos modo lugentes solatia digna sequuntur.
Pabula justitie qui nunc potusque requirunt,
Illos plena manet saturandos copia mense.
Felix, qui miseri doluit de pectore sortem;
Illum nam Domini miseratio larga manebit.
Felicis, puro qui cælum corde tuentur:
Visibilis Deus is per sæcula larga manebit,
Pacificos Deus in numerum sibi prolis adoptat.

But it should be seen, on the other hand, to what a mere *caput mortuum* the same style of versification has reduced the *Magnificat*:—

Magnificas laudes animus gratesque celebrat
Immensi Domino mundo. Vix gaudia tanta
Spiritus iste [viz. animus] capit, quod me dignatas in altum
Erigere ex humili celsam, cunctisque beatam
Gentibus et sedis voluit Deus æquis haberi.
Sustulit ecce thronum sævis, fregitque superbos,
Largifluis humiles opibus ditavit egentes.

Let us pass to another author. The *Etymologies* of St. Isidorus, in the latter part of the seventh century, formed, no doubt,

* *Historia Critica de la Literatura Española*. Por Don José Amador De los Rios. Madrid, 1861. Vol. I.

a remarkable work, and one of great utility for the instruction of the contemporary and succeeding generations. We read here with pleasure an abstract of the twenty books into which this omnifarious treatise is divided; but we must object to that accumulation of petty exaggerations and hollow pompous phrases which has exalted a very superficial dictionary of scientific and philologic terms and rudiments of all kinds, swollen with worthless derivations, into a colossal monument of universal erudition and research, in which "we see personified the Hispano-Latin civilization." Thus we cannot convince ourselves that "the first book (on Grammar) is a treasury of all the philological knowledge of Rome in the olden time, and during her decay," and that "the author gives everywhere the clearest evidences of a thorough knowledge of Greek and Hebrew," when we find him coupling Moses with Hecateus Milesius (in the Spanish abstract *Acatesio*), as the two first authors who wrote in hexameters. If the chapter on prosody shows that Isidorus was familiar, as far as reading went, with the books of "Varro, Donatus, Priscianus, Victorinus, Carisius, Festus, Longus, and Verrius Flaccus," we cannot imagine him to have considered them very curiously, when we find him in one sentence distinguishing the acute and circumflex accents, and in another saying that they come to the same thing. If the next book contains some elements of Aristotle's logical nomenclature, this is hardly enough to prove that "the philosopher of Stagira had no need of the Mahomedan invasion, nor of the Cordubian Caliphate, to reign supreme in the schools of Spain." Neither, again, do we see the "coming forward of a great master to the examination of the Quadrivium" when Isidorus fills his chapter on Arithmetic with the definitions and properties of numbers of various kinds (without any processes of calculation), even though he deserves praise here for dismissing the cabalistic notions with which this subject was elsewhere mixed up.

In speaking of more polemical works, the modern Spanish critic displays a remarkable sympathy with the hot-headed dogmatism of those controversial ages. He takes opportunities, it must be owned, of censuring the habits of strife and cruelty in which this disposition so often uttered itself; but he is not disinclined to cherish the root from which those ill fruits were nourished. In his account of Hildephonsus (seventh century) he tells us—

The followers of Helvidius and Jovinianus denied the perpetual virginity of Mary; and the Metropolitan of Toledo, aroused at the rumour of this pestilential doctrine, felt himself imbued with the spirit of the Jeromes, the Ambroses, and the Augustines; and opposing his heroic bosom to such venomous missiles, succeeded in again pulverizing this gross error. . . . There could not have been a greater service than that which he rendered from this point of view to the Church and the civilization of Spain. The enthusiasm which moves his pen, communicates an elevated tone to his style, and extraordinary copiousness to his diction; the conviction he harbours in his breast, lends notable distinctness to his ideas, and imbues his language with a certain commanding manner, which acting at once on the reason and the sentiments, renders his eloquence irresistible. . . . At these moments, the eloquence of St. Hildephonsus assumes a special character which distinguishes him from his models; ardent, energetic, aggressive, he no longer contents himself with reaping the legitimate harvest of the persuasion, which he seeks to infuse into the hearts of his readers; but calling up from the grave the shades of Helvidius and Jovinianus, he not only condemns their doctrine as impious; but accusing them of turpitude, immodesty, and indecency, he inveighs against and anathematizes them in a solemn and terrible manner.

And with this preamble is introduced an egregious specimen of rant, verbiage, and scurrility, which we prefer to give in its Latin form:—

Cum ergo hæc spiritus Dei per prophetas prædixerit, per doctores firmaverit, per veritatis auctores defenderit, per sæculorum eternitatem consolidaverit, quid tu novi erroris astructor, quid fatuosissimus infamator, quid copiose nugis infamas? Quid insanie massa proloqui audes, munitate contendis, susurrare proponis, garriræ præsumis, ut virginis alteri illi habitatio Dei, ut regis virtutum illa nitore pudoris aula clarissima, ut mansio illa Imperatoris coelestium carnis pudice, ut locus gloriosus illius Dei, quem non capit universa diversitas locorum, post generationem Dei, post incarnationem Verbi, post nativitatem Domini, post ortum Salvatoris de carne viro peritura carne soboles germinaverit . . . Opto, opto, ut sepulchrum oris illius dolor cruciet, illius dentes terra concludat, foveam oris ejus immobilis lingue compleat, concava palati aer subductus evacuet, extrema labiorum aeris crassedo conglutinet . . . ne talium verborum fletor erumpat, ne prosecutionis hujus odor aspiet, ne anhelitus loquelæ susurret, ne vel exilis sonus tinniat, ne verberatus aer nefandissima verba conformet.

We might point out other authors to whom we should not find Don Amador De los Rios a very judicious guide. But let us remark, before concluding, that he has enriched the present volume with a very curious collection of ancient Spanish hymns taken from an unpublished Toledan manuscript. In these he has carefully observed the gradual introduction of rhymes and assonances similar to those which prevail in the vernacular poetry. Moreover, the measures in which these poems are composed exhibit a remarkable step-by-step declension from the old quantitative metres to loose syllabic rhythms. At the beginning of a fine dirge ("Generalis de Defunctis," referred to the seventh century), we fancy ourselves reading strict classical trochaics, and at the end we recognise the octosyllables of the Castilian drama. In like manner, we have elsewhere found Latin hexameters of this age to which we might fancy the English accentualists of the present day had furnished a model like St. Isidore's—

Exinde fruimur omnes rosarum gratos odores,
Exinde textimus sarta capiti nostro coronas—

which lines seem, however, to have been perpetrated in his early youth.

STABLE STORIES.*

THIS is the third series of a sort of stories of which the popularity, as well as the alliteration, is undeniable. The first series was plainly styled *Post and Paddock*; the second bore the less explanatory title of *Silk and Scarlet*; and the third is called by a combination of two names which will hardly convey any distinct idea to minds which are not to some extent familiar with the subjects treated of in the book. Be it known, therefore, to all who require the information, that the name of "Scott" is used as being that of the well-known trainer of racehorses, and of his brother, who in his day was an equally well-known jockey, while the companion name of "Sebright" was borne by a famous Leicestershire huntsman who died within the last year. The book is a repository of all the stories about horses and those who have had to do with them, which the author has collected within the last two or three years. Even old stories of this sort find greedy readers, and, therefore, it may be taken for granted that stories about horses which have been quite recently before the public will enjoy an extensive popularity. Take for instance this account of the rise and progress of Caller Ou, the winner of the last St. Leger. The dam of Caller Ou was barren the year after her birth. "Scott told her owner (I'Anson) by way of comfort that the little brown filly was a clipper, and that no foal in the paddock could come near her when she galloped." Her first two-year-old trial was half a mile at even weights with the four-year-old Donati. Her victory was so hollow that I'Anson tried them over again, and with the same result. It was not surprising that those who knew the filly expected her to win the Oaks, but she did not. "On the Oaks day I'Anson had not discovered her mouth secret, and, as Challoner did not ride her tenderly enough, she summarily shut up at the turn." During the summer there were hopes of her for the St. Leger, but I'Anson was very far from confident before the race. He gave orders to Challoner to let her do what she liked with her head, and these orders were fully carried out. "The Druid" shall tell the rest in his own graphic words:—

At the Red House she was going so well that Challoner felt sure of a place. At the distance she was still going, and when Kettledrum came away, he felt that there was just one thing for it, and that was to tackle him, and never let Luke (Snowden) have a pull. He found he had the best of the speed the moment he placed her alongside of the crack, who was running as game as a bull-dog in his difficulties, and there he sat till the post was passed, not daring to move on her and touch her, and expecting every instant that she would cut it.

This is as good a description as was ever given of how a race was won. It conveys an excellent idea of the nicety and rapidity of judgment which are necessary to a good jockey, and it also does justice to the sterling quality of the Derby winner, Kettledrum, about whom, also, "The Druid" can tell us something interesting. As a yearling, "he was short, and not the most elegant, but the strongest-limbed one we ever met with at that age." He was bought at Doncaster by Colonel Towneley. "A tremendous pace is what he wants," and the style in which he stole along on the Derby day from Tattenham Corner, or flew up the Doncaster hill in the race for the Cup, was not to be forgotten. But he is not good at making his own running, and therefore "Yorkminster's flat refusal to help him up to the Red House was fatal" to his chance of adding the St. Leger to the Derby, or, as "The Druid" phrases it, "taking a double first." It is remarkable how "many of the modern cracks have been drawn out of the Doncaster lucky-bag," or, in plainer English, how many of them have been bought as yearlings during the St. Leger meeting. It was in Sunbeam's year that a friend encountered Mat Dawson, and begged him to come and look at "one of Alice's, which will suit Mr. Merry." Thus Mr. Merry, having won the St. Leger with Sunbeam, bought the foal of Alice Hawthorn, with which he was destined to win the Derby. This was a good stroke of work to do at Doncaster. And as regards buying, Mr. Merry was equally fortunate next year. A person connected with his stable begged Mat Dawson to come to the ring-side directly, as "they're just going to bring in Mr. Cookson's, and there's one by our horse." No. 1 in Mr. Cookson's string was Kettledrum, and No. 2 was Dundee, so that to the same breeder belongs the honour of raising both those famous horses. "As Mr. Merry wanted a bit of Lord of the Isles," who had belonged to him when he was in training, Mat Dawson bought Dundee at the auction for 170 guineas. Concerning his education we are told that "he bullied Russley, Folkestone, Starlight, and Sweet Hawthorn in his gallops in quite the Thormanby style." Thormanby himself was too lazy a horse to try him satisfactorily. In his preparation for Epsom he did all that was desired, but there were indications which made his trainer watch the weather-glass jealously and wish himself and the horse well out of it. How he broke down and was put out of training we all know. He now leads a retired life at Eltham.

Tracing the history of the turf backwards from its most modern point, we find "The Druid's" pages full of curious stories and remarkable traits of equine character. Gemma di Vergy was so fond of company that a cat did not satisfy him, and he had a boy with him night and day. Once he climbed over a partition, so as to get at the window, "and was espied with his feet on the window-sill, gravely looking out into the yard." A backer of

* Scott and Sebright. By the Druid. London: Rogerson & Tuxford. 1862.

Ellington in the Derby got his hint in a strange way. "His book was beating him, and in a half-desperate mood he sauntered down Piccadilly." Looking up at the clock above the Wellington Club he saw that the hand just obscured the W. He took the hint, and backed Ellington to win 500*l*. Voltigeur was refused by Lord Zetland as a yearling at Doncaster when he might have had him for 100*l*. He was bought by a person who got leave to train him with Lord Zetland's horses, and having beaten everything in the stable in his trials, Lord Zetland was glad to give 1500*l*. and a contingent 500*l*. for him. Job Marson was sent for to look at him very early in his third year, and said, "I think we'll be about winning the Derby." That "we" won both Derby and St. Leger. It is remarkable that the Flying Dutchman, whose superiority as a racer may be said to have become axiomatic, only won the Derby in the last stride by a short neck. As Marlow, who rode him, said, "It's a tight fit; but I've just done it." That jockey, who had better means than anyone else of knowing him, considered that he could stay well; "but that his staying arose rather from the fact that his speed was so tremendous that no horse could get him out, than from innate gameness." A decided friendship existed between Lanercost and a dog, and at this moment Voltigeur has a companion cat, which Sir Edwin Landseer has painted along with him.

Turning now to rather earlier traditions of the turf, we find John Scott, whose name makes half the title of the book, furnishing matter for several of its pages. The foundation of John Scott's fortune was his training Filho da Puta, vulgarly called "Fill the Pewter," for a match at Newmarket. When this horse won the St. Leger he nearly caused a fight between two Sheffield men, one of whom having backed "Filler," and the other "Pewter," they could not agree which had won. John Scott settled at Whitewall as trainer to Mr. Petre, "whose career was as short as it was merry." It seems that Mr. Petre ran through his property in a highly creditable manner. "When all had crumbled in his hand, he had at least something to boast of," for he had scored three St. Leger victories in succession. Another of John Scott's employers was Colonel Anson, who owned Attila, and afterwards commanded all Her Majesty's troops in India. General Anson died at the outbreak of the mutiny, and let the historian of India take note that it was "on Ellington's Derby Day." As General Anson never commanded in time of war, he never gained a victory; but if he had gained a great one "The Druid," probably, would not have thought much of it in comparison with the Derby triumph which William Scott won for him on Attila. For our own part, we think less of General Anson than of Lord Clyde, but there may have been a very high degree of tactical skill in those campaigns which were planned at Whitewall between him and the brothers Scott. "If it was a great trial, Bill would start from his house at York after nightfall, to put the double on the touts." Whatever may be thought of General Anson it is undeniable that William Scott had some of the qualities of a great commander. "If thirty horses were in a race he could tell, with one of his Parthian glances, exactly what every one of them was doing." For daring and decision his riding has never been excelled. Yet another of John Scott's employers was Mr. Bowes, for whom he won the Derby four times, twice while his brother was in the saddle, and twice in successive years under the jockeyship of Frank Butler. A saying of Butler's is recorded:—"I've won with a little un this year, and I shouldn't be surprised if I pull through with a big un next." The little horse was Daniel O'Rourke, and the big horse was West Australian. General Anson had been Frank Butler's first master, and he "lingered before going out to India just to see the West win at Doncaster in 1853." It is certain that if practice makes perfect in running horses, General Anson was no mean master of that science when he left England. Whether he knew as much about commanding armies we cannot tell, but it would seem that the profession in which he was so highly elevated could not have largely occupied his thoughts during the eleven years that passed between the victory of Attila and that of West Australian on the Derby course. Attila's year of triumph was 1842, and the next year saw Mr. Bowes' second victory with Cotherstone, his first having been gained with Mundig in 1835. "The Druid" gives a full account of the trials of Cotherstone at Whitewall, and of the consultations of the stable and its friends over them. It may seem wonderful that all these particulars should be remembered after the lapse of twenty years, but even if they are not interesting to us now they had an enormous interest for persons whose names the world will not soon forget. One of those persons was General Anson, who afterwards commanded 300,000 or 400,000 troops. Another was Lord George Bentinck, who subsequently turned from the turf to politics, for which it may, without fear of contradiction, be asserted that he was as fit as his brother turfite was for war. Lord George Bentinck had a horse in the Derby of 1843, called Gaper, which he had backed heavily, and whose chance was extinguished by Cotherstone. Some readers of "The Druid's" pages may perhaps thank us for thus enabling them to understand what he means by talking of "that morning on Langton Wold, which sealed Gaper's doom." Cotherstone had done so well in his trials with All Fours, a horse which never deceived the stable, that Bill Scott was fetched from York. "Bill got on Cotherstone and followed the old horse, but in the bottom he felt satisfied that he had never been on so good a colt." Colonel Anson was quite sceptical, but Mr. Bowes "got on" at good odds to win 20,000*l*. It is to be observed here that Bill Scott's "getting on" Cotherstone in one sense led to Mr. Bowes' "getting on" him in another.

An attempt to "get at" the horse at Leatherhead was foiled, and Bill Scott declared that he could have won the Derby by fifty yards if necessary.

The latter portion of this book, in respect of which it bears the name of "Sebright," is likely to be less generally interesting than the former, because the names which figure in it are only known to those who make hunting and its literature a special study. There is a good story about a sporting peer, whose corn-merchant refused to furnish further supplies for his horses. Being told that the confectioner was more accommodating, he said, "Well, then, give them biscuits." There is another good story of a black-coated rider who had consulted Will Danby, the huntsman of the Holderness, about the bad condition of his horse, and was met with the remark, "I think, Mr. —, you must keep your horse on chopped sarmons." And there is another and better story about the same Will Danby, which we extract for the benefit of bookish bilious persons, who possibly may despise "The Druid" and the subjects of which he writes, and may think that his string of stories did not deserve a reviewer's notice. Let such poor-spirited pedantic cavillers take notice how they would be rated according to Will Danby's standard of men and things. He was told that a gentleman of whom he knew something was to be a member of Parliament, to which Will replied, in the dialect of his country, "Is'er? Well, he's good for nowt else."

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The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

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We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

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NATIONAL MOVEMENT in ITALY.—J. SALE BARKER, Esq., will deliver TWO LECTURES at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, on "The Rise and Progress of the National Movement in Italy," on the Evenings of Thursday, July 17 and 24. The Lecture will commence each evening at half-past 6 o'clock precisely. Tickets, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats and Gallery, 1s. The proceeds of the Lectures to be devoted to the Garibaldi Fund. Tickets to be had at Mr. Westerton's Library, Leinster Square, Mr. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, and the Marylebone Institution, 17 Edward Street, Portico Square.

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The cost of it will be about £1,500. All those who are desirous of assisting in this work are requested either to communicate their wishes to Major Bowyer, R.A., 20 Lower Brook Street, or to remit their Subscriptions at once to the Ganning Statue Account, at Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Messrs. Drummonds, Charing Cross; or Messrs. Haakey, 7 Fenchurch Street.

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